

# The Daily Mirror

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One Halfpenny.

## FALL OF 250,000 TONS OF CLIFF AT DOVER.



A quarter of a million tons of chalk cliff at St. Margaret's Bay, near Dover, have slipped down to the foreshore. A perpendicular piece of cliff 200ft. in length and about 50ft. in depth tumbled into the sea on Tuesday morning, and since then other portions of the chalk have fallen. This photograph shows a portion of the ruins as they lay piled 30ft. high on the beach and extending a quarter of a mile out to sea yesterday afternoon. —(Spicer.)

## TO-DAY'S CONTEST FOR THE MILE END DIVISION.



Mr. Harry Lawson, son of Lord Burnham, the Unionist candidate at to-day's election, receiving a deputation of East End out-of-workers during his electioneering tour of the constituency. Mr. Lawson is the centre figure of the group. —(Copyright: Daily Mirror.)

## £10,000 DEAD OR ALIVE.



Dr. Sun Yat Sen, the revolutionary Chinaman, who has just arrived in London. The Chinese Government puts a price of £10,000 on his head. He is not afraid of being captured, but is returning to China shortly in disguise. He will be beheaded on sight without trial if detected by the spies of the Empress.







# THE GREAT REVIVAL.

50,000 Prayers To Be Offered  
for Money to Save  
London.

## DANCING DENOUNCED.

Dr. Torrey Tells the "Daily Mirror"  
Why He Condemned the  
Ball-room.

## TWELVE HOURS' PRAYER.

The religious revival in Wales, and the extraordinary scenes to which it has given rise, are finding an echo in nearly every city and town in England.

Everywhere, as a clergyman has expressed it, the air is electric among Christian people.

In London thousands of helpers are at work perfecting the organisation which is deemed necessary for the campaign which Dr. Torrey and Mr. Charles Alexander begin in the Albert Hall on February 4.

In Manchester and the district revival services are being held at many of the churches and are evoking the greatest enthusiasm. "I simply open the meeting," writes a clergyman, "and it is then taken possession of by the congregation, people rising in different parts of the church and praying or speaking and singing."

From Rhos, Ruabon, in Wales, comes the news that over eleven hundred converts have declared themselves out of a population of 10,000, and yesterday business was practically suspended for a parade of the district.

In Liverpool Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander are sweeping the town with their enthusiasm. Thousands are confessing to a change of life.

From all quarters, indeed, news is being received by the *Daily Mirror* of a vast religious awakening throughout England, and nowhere are the signs of this remarkable campaign against disbelief and infidelity more evident than in London.

## PRAYING FOR FUNDS.

Some Further Details About the Great Albert Hall Campaign.

An appeal to the Christian public is to be made immediately for financial support for the Torrey-Alexander Mission, which begins in the Albert Hall on February 4.

"It is estimated," said the secretary, Mr. J. H. Putterill, yesterday, "that the mission will cost about £17,000."

"From the council and its friends a sum of £8,000 has been raised; and it is expected that £3,000 or £4,000 will result from collections at the meetings. So it is necessary to raise another £5,000."

"The hire of the Albert Hall alone for two months will cost more than £2,500, and a huge building for special meetings has to be erected at Brixton."

Among those who have already enrolled themselves as helpers in the great mission—and they already number fifty thousand—every day has its special prayer.

To-morrow the subject is the necessary funds for the mission, and so to-morrow 50,000 persons will be praying that the mission may be supplied with money.

To-day's prayer is that the Goddess may be convicted and converted.

For the other days of the week the following subjects are given:—

SUNDAY.—For the unhindered working of the Holy Spirit in and upon all who take part in the conduct of the mission and all who attend its meetings.

MONDAY.—That workers may be raised up and that they may be "taught of God" humble and self-effacing and full of faith and power.

TUESDAY.—That the council and executive committee and the secretaries may have guidance in all the arrangements to be made, and may constantly bear in mind our Lord's words: "Apart from Me ye can do nothing."

WEDNESDAY.—That all denominations of God's people in London may recognise and take advantage of

the opportunities to win souls afforded them by the mission, and may be "Of one mind in the Lord." SATURDAY.—For yourself. "Lord what wilt Thou have me to do?" in view of this mission, and in obedience to Thy command: "Go ye therefore and make disciples."

More than 2,000 names are now enrolled in the choir, which is already at work rehearsing the mission hymns, the women, so far, outnumbering the men in the proportion of about ten to seven. There are titled and other ladies, nurses, shopgirls, domestic servants, soldiers, sailor, and workmen in this remarkable choir, which is drawn from rich and poor alike. An old lady of seventy-three, with a fine soprano voice, is one of its most enthusiastic members.

For the mission work in London 4,803 men and women are to be employed day by day:—

Choir	5,000
Visiting workers	700
Stewards	600
Inquiry workers	500
Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander	2
Mr. Prangnell (pianist)	1
	4,803

Special badges and tickets are in preparation, and the stewards will be distinguished from the workers by different colours.

At each meeting the choir will number about 1,000. The stewards will take one turn in four meetings, thus ensuring an attendance of 125 at each.

## DR. TORREY ON DANCING.

His Reply to the "Daily Mirror's" Critical Leading Article.

Dr. Torrey, of the Torrey-Alexander mission, confessed to the *Daily Mirror*, at Liverpool yesterday, that he had read the critical leader in Tuesday's paper on his condemnation of dancing.

He said: "My attitude is not based upon the supposition that men and women are rotten to the core. I do not say that society is rotten to the core, but I do reassert that there are very many moral lepers in society, and the *Daily Mirror* knows that as well as I."

"There is no doubt about it."

"I have been a great deal in society on both sides of the Atlantic, and I know more about dancing in the upper class than most people. I was once regarded as the finest waltzer in my set in America, and I have also had the management of charity balls."

"This is no fad of mine, but I was asked my view upon a subject of practical interest, and I gave it, and adhere to it, without wishing to force it down people's throats."

"Let Christian people choose for themselves what they think is best for themselves, their wives, and their daughters; but do not leave these people in utter ignorance of the true character of the men to whom they are introduced."

## TWELVE HOURS OF PRAYER.

General Booth's Stirring Appeal to the Salvation Army.

Indefatigable, despite his age, General Booth, noting the extraordinary wave of religious fervour which is sweeping over the country, has set apart a day for confession, humiliation, and prayer throughout England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales.

On Thursday, January 19, Exeter Hall will be open from ten in the morning to ten at night, perhaps longer, that all may come as they are willing and able the whole day through.

General Booth will lead this campaign of prayer against the hosts of evil, of doubt and disbelief. "All that is aimed at," says the General, "is to make an opportunity for men and women whose hearts are on fire with a holy desire for more of the Kingdom of Heaven in their own lives and labours to pour out their souls—confess their sins—and reconsecrate themselves to the work of glorifying God and saving men."

Not in London only, but throughout the provinces also will Thursday, the 19th inst., be observed as a day of prayer. Already special appointments have been made in the following towns, and other important fixtures are being arranged:—

Aberdeen	Cradley	Kidderminster	Reading
Attercliffe	Crews	Kilmarnock	Rotherham
Barnsley	Derby	Leeds	Rugby
Birmingham	Dunfermline	Manchester	Sunderland
Bradford	Edinburgh	Newcastle	Swansea
Bristol	Exeter	Newport	Walsall
Burnley	Glasgow	Northampton	Wolverhampton
Celtic	Hanley	Nottingham	Wrexham
Cheltenham	Hull	Plymouth	
Colverton	Kettering		

## THE GENERAL'S CALL.

In an eloquent appeal to his army, General Booth says:—

"God is amongst us. I find Him wonderfully nigh at hand and gloriously mighty to save."

"Something is wanted that shall command the attention of the masses to the claims of God, the evil of sin—the danger of the unconverted, and the necessity for seeking God while He may be found."

"... Specially remember the 19th. Oh, make it a model day—a memorable day—a day to be remembered on earth, in Heaven, and in hell. "My heart is full of expectation," the General concludes. "Comrades, I trust you. I rely on you. You never have failed me, and you never will."

So widespread has been the revival of religious feeling that during the last two months the Bible Society received three times the amount of orders for the corresponding period of 1903.

## BALTIC FLEET DANGER.

Japanese Squadron Only a Few Days  
Out from Madagascar.

It is reported that a Japanese squadron has been sighted at the Chagos Islands, only 1,700 miles from Madagascar.

Admiral Rojestvensky has ordered that vigilance shall be redoubled in the Baltic Fleet.

The third division of the Baltic Fleet, under Admiral Botiorsky, entered the Suez Canal at midday yesterday. Its destination is said to be Madagascar.

Two steamers, with coal for the Russians, are reported to have arrived at Labuan, off the coast of Borneo, and two Japanese transports have been seen off the island.

## PROCEDURE OF COMMISSION.

PARIS, Wednesday.—The Commissioners of the International Inquiry into the North Sea incident at this afternoon's sitting decided that the proceedings shall be public so far as the capacity of the hall will allow. About thirty Pressmen will be admitted. Tickets will be divided among the respective admirals for distribution. The Commission will sit not as a tribunal, but as an inquiry to establish facts. There will be no pleading, only questions and answers. The next meeting is fixed for to-morrow at two o'clock.—Exchange.

## MURDERER IN TEARS.

Woman Miser Killed with a Hatchet by Her  
Son in Her Lonely Forest Hovel.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Wednesday.—At the little town of Chaville, near Paris, last night, a labourer named Michel le Pehouch, aged twenty-two years, brutally murdered his old mother with a hatchet.

The woman, who was a great miser, bought a piece of land in the forest, on which her son built a hovel.

While his mother was asleep Michel savagely attacked her, and afterwards gave himself up to the police.

He spent the night in his cell laughing, but on seeing the body of his mother at the "restitution" of the crime to-day he wept.



Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

## EMPEROR OF SAHARA

Will Give Lectures in Switzerland to Explain  
His Position.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

LUCERNE, Wednesday.—M. Lebaudy, the French millionaire whose claims to the "Empire of the Sahara" have caused no little amusement, has arrived here with his suite.

The "Emperor" is indignant that he should have been exposed to ridicule, and has announced his intention of giving a series of public lectures in which he will explain his own position, and also, as he vaguely says, "things generally."

## LIVERPOOL STEAMER LOST.

It is feared that the Carapana, a steamer which sailed from Liverpool on December 31 for Para, has foundered off St. David's Head.

Several bodies have been washed ashore at different points on the North Pembroke-shire coast, and these have been identified by relatives.

They are Captain Whelan, Arthur Oliphant (mate), and Albert Edwards Hadfield (second engineer). The crew numbered twelve.

# MR. CHAMBERLAIN AT PRESTON.

Great Speech to 5,000 People  
on Tariff Reform.

## THE COTTON TRADE.

"The Issue Depends Entirely Upon

Whether You Are Ready to

Use Your Strength."

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PRESTON, Wednesday Evening.—It is questionable whether the visit of any statesman has ever been so eagerly anticipated in Preston as that of Mr. Chamberlain to-day. Fiscalists has been the absorbing topic of conversation for days in both public and private resorts, and there has been great speculation as to how Mr. Chamberlain would defend his policy so far as it would effect the cotton trade.

## ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION.

When the meeting opened every foot of the building was crowded, and over 5,000 persons present. Alderman Forshaw presided, and on the platform were a large number of members of Parliament.

On Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain ascending the platform the audience sprang to its feet and cheered lustily for several minutes.

Mr. Chamberlain, rising to speak, was greeted with tremendous cheering.

He began asking them to give him their attention while he spoke of his policy, which, right or wrong, was of immense importance to the country. He would never hold office in a Government again unless he could advance the great cause to which he had devoted the remainder of his strength and life.

It had been said that his object was to make the rich richer and the poor poorer. That was an infamous statement, which was contradicted by his whole life's record. The object of the whole movement was to secure more employment at fair wages for the working men of the country.

Plunging at once into the question uppermost in every mind, Mr. Chamberlain said that the whole time the price of cotton had been so high they in Lancashire had been on short time. But protected States had consumed more cotton—how did they account for that?

How was it that these States, who, by every argument of the free importers, ought to be ruined, had used more cotton than they had?

## IS IT SATISFACTORY?

If they had made exactly the same amount of cotton goods and cotton yarn, had they benefited by the fact that, owing to the rise in the raw material, the price of cotton had gone up, and the exports of cotton had increased in value, although not in bulk?

No, they had derived no advantage from that rise in price. The whole thing had acted to their disadvantage. During the time that cotton was so high they had been on short time; they had consumed less cotton.

Again, these protected foreigners were sending more and more of their manufactured goods to this country, and we were sending less and less to them. This exchange was not satisfactory. These foreign countries, whom he asked them to remember ought to be ruined, had during the past thirty years sent more and more manufactures to us, and we had sent less to them.

The same remark, said Mr. Chamberlain, applied to labour.

"If this continues we shall lose all our trade with these protected countries."

"I ask for a remedy," said Mr. Chamberlain amid resounding cheers. "If you want to increase your trade you must compel it, for you will only get it because you are the strongest."

"The issue depends entirely upon whether you are ready to use your strength."

Continuing, Mr. Chamberlain said he could only show what the general result of his policy would be as affecting the whole country, and not as affecting various trades. Cotton, he admitted, was an exceptional case. Had they satisfied themselves that the condition of the cotton trade was satisfactory now and favourable for the future?

A voice cried "Yes!" With a grave smile Mr. Chamberlain remarked that if he were interested in the cotton trade he would feel anxiety for the future, and quoted statistics showing that since 1876 Great Britain's consumption of the world's cotton supply had declined from 41 to 23 per cent., and their proportion of the world's trade was still rapidly diminishing.



## "DAILY MIRROR" BUYS A SLAVE.

Unfortunate Man in the  
Depths of Despair Sells  
Himself for £2.

## HOMELESS HUNGRY.

Having Purchased Frederick Lucas,  
What Shall We Do With Him?

The "Daily Mirror" has bought a slave. This statement is made in all seriousness. Read what follows and you will see how serious the matter is.

How many men in the poverty-stricken districts of London would be willing to sell themselves as slaves to ensure for themselves, poor fellows, shelter and food to keep body and soul together? Possibly hundreds. We know of at least one.

Frederick Lucas is his name. He has sold himself to the *Daily Mirror* as a slave.

But slavery is an abomination—a thing abhorred by every Englishman. What does this mean?

Do not think we are stereotyped conventional slave-owners. Our slave can run away from us if he chooses. If he runs away we will not seek to recover him. But he does not mean to run away.

### A CRY FROM WEST HAM.

This is how he was acquired:—Among the hundreds of letters that every morning's post brings was a grimy envelope, the postmark on which showed that it came from West Ham, the district stricken with work-famine. The enclosure inside said:—

Wave Lodging House, 234-235, Victoria Dock-road, Custom House, West Ham, E.,  
Jan. 9, 1905.

To the *Daily Mirror*.

Respected Sirs,—Hoping you will forgive the liberty, I am writing to you to say that I am starving because I can't get work. I live in West Ham, where there are thousands of men starving like me. My wife and children are starving, and it goes to my heart to hear them cry for bread. The reason why I am applying to the *Daily Mirror* is—I was walking down by the Custom House yesterday when a newspaper was blown out of a man's hand who was reading it, and I picked it up, and it was a *Daily Mirror*. I gave it to the man, and then it struck me that I might get a job at the *Daily Mirror*. I'm tired out asking for jobs. I have tramped London through and through asking. It is cruel work tramping about on an empty stomach, asking for a job, I can tell you. I have not done a stroke of work for two months, and I'm telling the straight truth when I say that I haven't tasted a bit of decent food for a week, but what I've got from the charitable people that are giving food away. That and crusts and odds and ends I got hold of is all that I've had.

I've gone and looked at the river often of nights and thought just one thing, my mind, but something has stopped me—maybe it is the thought of my wife and little ones at home calling for bread. Can't you take me on? You must have some work for a poor chap to do at your office.

I'm not very strong now, because I have been starving, but I could earn enough for my keep. Give me just one chance; you can use me as a slave if you like. You can buy me for a slave, that's it. I want to be a slave and be fed for certain, and have a bit to give to my wife and youngsters.—Yours respectfully,  
FREDERICK LUCAS.

To be a slave! What sort of man was this who wished to be a slave? The man was told to come and show himself.

### MAN OF TEARS AND DESPAIR.

A short man came, a man with a face that had once been full of intelligence and keenness, but which was now pulled out of its proper shape by misery. A man of tears and despair, evidently. A broken-spirited man. A man who walked with a heart-broken walk. A man with a bedraggled walk—with a walk that walks hopeless creatures to self-destruction. A hopeless man.

"I am the man who wants to be a slave," he said.

The bitterness of his tone was that terrible bitterness that is an amalgam of despair and non-chalance.

"But are you worth buying? What is your price?" he was asked.

His square chin thrust itself out, and for a moment looked like the sturdy, independent chin

nature had meant it to be. Then, when he saw he was not being trifled with, it returned to despair. "I will sell myself for £10," he said, "and victuals and shelter."

"But you are not worth £10; at least, why should you be worth £10? What can you do?" "I don't know—anything," was the miserable answer.

"Will you sell yourself for £2?"

"Yes."

That was how we got our slave.

WE HAD TO BUY HIM FROM SHEER PITY.

And now what are we going to do with him? Perhaps our readers can answer. He is an intelligent man, and he is bound to do anything we tell him. If we told him to see how long a man could walk in the streets before he dropped down exhausted he would make the experiment. But we do not intend to use our slave quite so harshly as that.

Still, he is at our disposal, ready to do anything hard and unpleasant as long as it is useful.

What do our readers suggest?

## PAUPER BAIRNS AND PANTOMIME.

Lambeth Guardians Forbid Children to  
See "Aladdin."

With the kindest intention in the world, Mr. J. Murray Elliott, of Brixton Theatre, sent an invitation to the children under the control of the board of guardians at Norwood Schools to witness a matinee performance of the pantomime, "Aladdin," at Brixton Theatre, free of charge.

It lay with the Lambeth Board of Guardians to accept or decline the invitation. To the great regret of the children the guardians at their meeting yesterday decided, by ten votes to six, to thank Mr. J. Murray Elliott for his offer, and to say that they could not let the children go.

It was Lieutenant-Colonel Mackinley who moved that the invitation be not accepted. He contended that, by allowing children under their control to attend theatres, the guardians would be subjecting them to great moral danger. There was no wrong in the theatre itself, but, as they well knew, there were certain surroundings that acted to the disadvantage of the children, especially girls.

Rev. E. Denny did not take the same view of the matter, as the mover of the resolution. He did not think children could come to any harm by attending a decent theatre, and preferred pauper children should go out a little more like other children.

### PANTOMIME WITH A PURPOSE.

Over a hundred fisher children will take part in the vicar of Gorleston's annual pantomime, to be produced in his parish on January 26.

Though keeping to the old-fashioned story of "The Babes in the Wood," the Rev. Forbes Phillips has introduced a novel ending.

Conscience, in the form of a ghost, pursues the baron with such unwelcome attentions that the wretched man repents, and the babes are saved.

## RAN THE BLOCKADE.

British Coal Steamer Not Reported Since Her  
Arrival at Vladivostok.

Four and a half months ago the London steamer Claverdale left Barry with Welsh coal for Vladivostok, and has not been heard of since running the blockade.

Yesterday her insurance was seventy-one guineas per cent. The owners, Messrs. Haselhurst and Co., Billiter House, seen by the *Daily Mirror*, said, "She is only one of the many boats on the same errand that have not been reported."

"The Claverdale left with 7,000 tons of somebody's coal on September 1. In November she put into Hong Kong, and was covered by insurance for war risks. She ran the blockade to Vladivostok and has not been reported since."

According to the owners the blockade has been regularly run by Americans, the Canton having entered Vladivostok three times.

A line of vessels running from Chifu to Vladivostok has run the blockade, it was said, for months.

The Claverdale is commanded by Captain Evans Thomas and worked by a mixed crew.

### WAR OFFICE AND SHOEBOURNNESS.

It was stated yesterday that the Shoeburyness School of Gunnery was to be transferred to Golden Hill, Freshwater, Isle of Wight. An inquiry at the War Office yesterday evening the *Daily Mirror* was informed that no such transfer was in contemplation. A committee had been considering the desirability of removing some small branch of the work to Freshwater, but no report had yet been made.

As Sir John Chute Nelligan, Recorder of Cork, was sitting in court yesterday morning he received news from Chute Hall, Tralee, of the death of his wife.

## MORE CLIFF-SLIDES.

A Million Tons of Chalk Ready  
To Crash Into the Sea.

## LARGE DANGER AREA.

Further falls of cliff took place near Dover yesterday, and there is every reason to fear that a landslide of gigantic dimensions is about to take place.

The land at the top of the cliff near St. Margarets has sagged considerably during the last forty-eight hours, and the cracks continue to widen in a threatening manner.

An area extending from fifty to a hundred yards back from the edge of the cliff is affected, and every hour shows more prominent signs of subsidence.

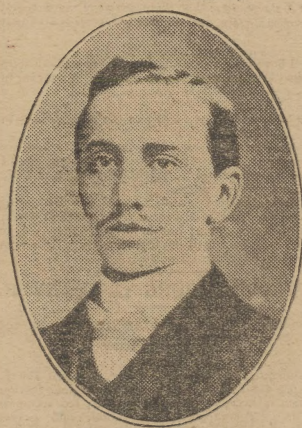
A million tons of cliff is now on the very point of crashing into the sea.

Tuesday's fall, as described by Mr. Berry, an eye-witness, was a terrible and appalling spectacle.

Mr. Berry was contemplating the cliffs from the beach when he saw an immense mass of cliff detach itself and topple over into the sea with a noise far louder than the loudest thunder.

Hastily moving to a safer spot, he stood fascinated by the sight of the huge fragments of chalk spilling out to sea. The whole mass seemed to writhe as

MR. J. A. KENSIT,



Who has been accepted as Protestant candidate for the Birkenhead, Liverpool, parliamentary division at the next election.—(Russell & Sons.)

though convulsed by some mysterious power, and clouds of white dust shot up from time to time, producing a weird effect.

The debris is now spread along the base of the cliffs to a width of from 200 to 300 yards, forming at low water a long causeway seawards.

The upper portion of the cliff overhangs in a most dangerous manner, and the strictest precautions are taken by the coastguardsmen to prevent curious visitors from encroaching on the danger area.

Many hundreds of people visited the spot yesterday.

### ONE-DAY SOLDIERS.

Lieutenant-Colonel A. V. Payne, commanding the 2nd Battalion of the Wiltshire Regiment at Borden Camp, Hants, writes to say that the statement which appeared in the *Daily Mirror* that for nearly a month an average of fourteen men per week had been disappearing from his regiment is incorrect.

Colonel Payne states that the total number of deserters from his battalion in 1904 was ten, of whom eight rejoined, leaving a net loss of two men. This is a record of which any regiment might be proud.

### NOT A CONVERT TO ROME.

The report that the Rev. Stephen Gladstone, late Rector of Hawarden, had joined the Church of Rome was characterised yesterday by the Bishop of St. Asaph as "absurd and groundless." The late rector has been travelling in Italy for the benefit of his health, and expects to return at the end of the month in order to take charge of the living of Barrowby, Lincolnshire, to which he was recently presented by the Duke of Devonshire.

In naval circles at Dartmouth it is stated that the date fixed for the opening of the Naval College at Dartmouth by the Prince of Wales is February 28.

## SAVED FROM CANNIBALISM.

Horrifying Experiences of a Ship-  
wrecked Crew in an Open Boat.

## 21 LIVES LOST.

A shocking story of suffering and privations endured at sea in an open boat is told by the twelve survivors of the dredger *Texas*, who have just arrived at Waterford.

When picked up by the brigantine *Mercedes*, off the Azores, the men were all delirious, and had just drawn lots to decide which among them should die to provide food for the rest.

The man upon whom the lot had fallen has not yet recovered from the shock, and it is feared that he may become permanently insane.

The *Texas* was bound from Dantzic to Galveston. On Christmas Day she foundered in a storm and sank.

The captain, with twelve of the crew, took to one boat, and the chief officer, with nineteen men, launched another.

This second boat almost immediately filled and sank, and not one man of its crew was rescued. The other boat drifted about for days, the unhappy sailors suffering the extremes of hunger and cold.

Three days before they were sighted by the *Mercedes* one man jumped overboard in his delirium, and was drowned.

The twelve survivors were transferred to the steamer *Zeno*, and taken by her to Waterford. They are still in a very weak condition, many of them being covered with sores. They are being looked after by the United States Consular agent at Waterford.

Their names are: J. A. Mint (Galveston), master; C. Gede (Magdeburg, Germany), second mate; R. Snellin, steward; and Able-seamen H. Petersen, C. Vegne, R. Storka, J. Tosold, P. Cherisolo, O. Haga, and Firemen W. Jansen and A. Tolsen.

## THE UNEMPLOYED.

Deputation to Mr. Balfour—Great Ship Canal  
Scheme for Scotland.

Mr. Balfour has consented to receive a deputation of the representatives of the unemployed early next month before the meeting of Parliament.

To assist the Scottish unemployed a cyclopaen scheme is proposed.

The idea, which is at present only tentative, is to cut Scotland in two by means of a great ship canal nearly forty miles long through the narrow strip of land between the Firth of Forth and the Clyde.

The two canals that already intersect Scotland at this point are only wide enough for coal barges. The scheme will provide work for thousands of the unemployed.

## MARRIED BY SIGNS.

Only the Clergyman Spoke at the Wedding of  
Two Deaf Mutes.

Four deaf and dumb persons stood before the altar in the parish church of Bulwell, a coal-mining suburb of Nottingham, when pretty Miss Sarah Nicholls, of that parish, was married to Mr. Thomas Hulton, of Stapleford.

The bride and bridegroom, a bridesmaid, the best man, and most of the congregation were deaf mutes.

The curate of Bulwell read the familiar words of the service to the couple, and the local missioner of the Deaf Mutes' Society interpreted them in manual language.

In the same strange way—by the finger and sign language—the bride and bridegroom took their vows of loyalty and love.

## THE KING IN LONDON.

The King spent yesterday very quietly at Buckingham Palace, and did not go out of doors. His Majesty will hold a Council at the Palace this morning, when the date of the reassembling of Parliament will be definitely fixed.

## TRIBUTE TO LORD RUSSELL.

When unveiling yesterday the statue of Lord Russell of Killowen—which has been placed in the central hall of the Law Courts—the Lord Chancellor said there could be no more fitting end to a man's career than that it should be truly said of him that he had done earnestly and well the duty he was called upon to do.



## WHO WILL WIN AT MILE END?

Result of the Poll Awaited with  
Keen Excitement.

### CANDIDATES' ESTIMATES.

Both Sides Looking for a Victory by a  
Narrow Majority.

#### Polling Day—To-day.

Candidates—Mr. H. Lawson (O).  
Mr. B. Straus (L).

#### Who will win?

Conservatives expect a majority of 100.  
Liberals anticipate gaining the day by  
200.

An old electioneer's forecast: result  
extremely doubtful.

By ten o'clock to-night Mile End will be cher-  
ing the victor—will it be Mr. Lawson or Mr.  
Straus?

Both sides prophesy victory, but the Liberals  
have a big majority to wipe off.

Mile End has been true to Conservatism for  
twenty years. But if, following in the wake of  
Stalybridge, the Liberal candidate is returned—  
and this is possible—it will be a staggering blow  
to the Government.

The previous elections have resulted as follows:

1886.		1895.	
Charrington (O).....	2,110	Charrington (O).....	2,383
White (L).....	1,281	Hayman (L).....	1,516
Con. maj.....	829	Con. maj.....	867
1892.		1899.	
Charrington (O).....	2,204	Charrington (O).....	2,440
Hayman (L).....	1,931	Clarke (L).....	1,280
Con. maj.....	273	Con. maj.....	1,160

At the outset the task of effacing the majority  
of 1,160 by which the late Mr. Charrington held  
the seat seemed so formidable that the result was  
generally regarded as a foregone conclusion.

But the further Mr. Straus's supporters have  
proceeded with their canvass the more gratifying  
have been the returns brought to the Liberal com-  
mittee-rooms.

Indeed, last night the Liberals were confident of  
winning the seat by 200.

On the other hand the Conservatives are equally  
sure of victory. They look for 100 majority.

"I am justifiably confident," said Mr. Lawson  
to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, "but of course it  
depends on the constituency being polled out."

In 1900 only 3,720 voters, or 63 per cent. of the  
total, voted.

It is the belief of Mr. Straus and his friends that  
a large percentage of those who abstained last time  
will have voted, but for their disinclination to  
oppose the aged and benevolent Mr. Charrington.

Many working men sympathisers with the un-  
employed, who have hitherto always voted Liberal,  
are, however, likely to vote for Mr. Lawson to-day.

The Conservative candidate received a deputation  
of the unemployed at the Central Committee Rooms  
yesterday, and at the close Mr. W. Salmon, who  
presented it, expressed his full satisfaction to the  
*Daily Mirror* with Mr. Lawson's replies, signifi-  
cantly adding, as the head of the deputation which  
recently waited on "C.B.," "I was disgusted with  
the way in which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman  
talked round the question."

Immense excitement existed in Mile End yester-  
day, and in the afternoon and evening the services  
of extra police were required outside the various  
committee rooms to keep the pavements open for  
traffic.

Several free-fights took place.

A record number of motor-cars and broughams  
have been promised for to-day.

The poll will be declared at the Public Library,  
Bancroft-road.

The result may be expected shortly before ten  
o'clock.

## THINNEST WATCHES IN THE WORLD

Reduced to  
LADIES' OR 25/- POST  
GENTS' FREE.

Five Years' Written Guarantee.  
SOLD ELSEWHERE AT £2 10s.  
Accurate timekeepers, beautiful jewelled move-  
ments, handsome dark blue oxidised cases.

These watches are acknowledged  
by those in the trade to  
be astonishingly cheap at 25/-

**V. SAMUEL & Co.,**  
26, QUEEN VICTORIA ST.,  
LONDON, E.C.

The Cheapest Shop for Watches and  
Clocks in the World.

## WEALTHY MAN'S MANIA.

Midnight Rambles Through the Streets  
in Search of Odds and Ends.

Mr. John James, an eccentric, wealthy, old  
Canadian cattle ranch owner, who has been lodging  
at 12, Star-street, Edgware-road, for the past ten  
months, recently developed a mania for collecting  
all kinds of refuse from the streets and storing it  
in his bedroom.

His landlord objected strongly, and told the  
lodger that he would have to take the rubbish into  
the yard.

Mr. James agreed to do so, but continued his  
strange pursuit after midnight, when the rest of  
the tired inhabitants in Star-street were sleeping.  
He went about his work merrily, and would sing  
as he trudged out with his sack over his shoulder,  
"For its my delight on a starry night to chase  
dull care away."

Complaints have recently been made concerning  
the disappearance of milk-cans and other articles,  
with the result that James was charged before Mr.  
Piowden, at Marylebone, yesterday, with the theft  
of a milk-can from a doorstep in Bouverie-street.  
He was remanded for inquiries to be made into  
the state of his mind.

The landlord of No. 12, who lives in the house,  
has told what he knows of the history of James.  
"Last April," he said, "Mr. James came here  
and rented our first-floor front. He appeared to  
be a very respectable man in good circumstances.  
We understood that he had considerable property  
in Canada and drew £50 a quarter from the London  
and Scottish Bank.

"Mr. James wore a frock-coat, silk hat, gold  
watch and chain, with a diamond ring, and my

### PURIFIED PANTOMIMES.



Rev. Charles Croucher, of Exeter, the  
organiser of the "Pleasant Sunday  
Afternoons." He has just had a  
"Pantomime Day," and invited the  
performers in the local pantomimes  
to attend.

wife and myself congratulated ourselves upon  
having such a nice lodger.

"About six weeks ago," he continued, "he began  
to neglect his appearance, and started to go out  
with a sack, picking up all kinds of rubbish in the  
streets. I forbade him to do it, but he evaded us  
by going out and returning when we were in bed.

"His sister, who lives not far away, did not  
know her brother's address until my wife went to  
see her yesterday. She does not know how much  
her brother is worth or where his property in  
Canada is situated. I should think, judging by  
when I last saw his face and hair clean, that the old  
man is between sixty and seventy years of age."

### MYSTERY SOLVED.

The mysterious disappearance of Mrs. Bessie  
Davey, of Western-terrace, Hammersmith-mall,  
has been solved by a tragic discovery.

Her husband missed her from his side in bed  
a week ago to-day, and failed to find her after a  
search and inquiries among friends.

On Monday morning he was called home from  
work, and saw her dead body—attired only in a  
dressing-gown—in the water cistern.

At the inquest yesterday a verdict of Suicide  
whilst temporarily insane was returned.

### FABRICATED CONFESSIONS.

The stories of Arthur Jackson, who confessed at  
Newcastle to having murdered a woman at Burn-  
ley, and Arthur Ramsley, who gave himself up to  
the police as the murderer of a woman at Seymour-  
street, St. Pancras, in 1903, were proved yesterday  
to be without foundation.

Both men have been discharged from custody.

## ELOPING MAJOR.

Elderly Man Fascinated by His  
Daughter's Friend.

### STORY OF A WALKING TOUR

How a middle-aged, married major eloped with  
a young girl, hardly out of her teens, was the  
unromantic but remarkable theme of a story told  
to Mr. Justice Barnes yesterday.

The petition that produced the story was one for  
judicial separation on the ground of misconduct,  
brought by a lady, named Mrs. Elizabeth Catherine  
Sarah Stillwell, against her husband, Major Ed-  
ward Stillwell.

Their wedding took place in 1877, and in 1902  
they celebrated their silver wedding, having spent  
twenty-five years of happy married life together.  
They had four children, just arrived at the grown-  
up stage.

The Stillwells were living at a place called Thorne  
House, near Hastings, where they had a consider-  
able staff of servants, kept a brougham, and were  
regarded by their neighbours as being very well off.

One of Major Stillwell's daughters had invited a  
girl friend of hers, a Miss Maud Hopley, somewhat  
younger than herself, to come and stay at Thorne  
House. The major had seemed very much taken  
with this Miss Hopley, and paid her considerable  
attention, so his wife observed.

After Miss Hopley's visit had come to an end  
the major announced to his wife that he was going  
to take a walking tour on Dartmoor, and he accord-  
ingly left.

#### Truth About the Tour.

It was true that he had gone to Dartmoor. He  
took with him thither Miss Hopley, and the walk-  
ing tour was a kind of illicit honeymoon.

Afterwards he had installed the young lady,  
under the style of "Mrs. Stillwell," as mistress of  
establishments at Bedford Court-mansions and  
Woburn-square. A manservant gave evidence of  
this.

In the meantime the major had written some  
strange letters to his wife. When he announced  
that the Hastings establishment must be broken  
up, he said that he could not discuss the matter  
personally with Mrs. Stillwell, because "she got  
on his nerves."

Mrs. Stillwell made inquiries, and found out all  
about the Dartmoor walking tour, and subsequent  
events.

She consulted a solicitor, with the result that Mr.  
Justice Barnes has granted her a decree of judicial  
separation.

### SUFFERED FOR LOYALTY.

Money-lender Declares That He Was Ruined  
by Refusing to Fight for the Boers.

How easily a fortune of £30,000 made in business  
may be lost in speculation was made clear yester-  
day at Blackburn by a debtor named Jacob Cohen,  
a money-lender's manager.

He amassed his fortune as a diamond merchant  
in South Africa, but lost it all in mining shares and  
through depreciation of property.

He declined to pay the Boers £500 in default of  
taking up arms against England, and so was com-  
pelled, he stated, to leave Johannesburg.

After the war was over he returned to find his  
hotel wrecked and everything missing.

He was penniless, and had to borrow money to  
return to England.

### IRATE FINANCIERS.

Scene At a Company Meeting Leads to a  
Slander Action in the Courts.

"I am a director of mining companies and  
dealer in mining shares," said Mr. Arnold Jacob  
Marks, of Broad-street House, who yesterday ap-  
peared in person to conduct a slander suit before  
Mr. Justice Bigham and a special jury.

"The defendant, Mr. Samuel," he continued,  
"is also a director of mining companies."

Then Mr. Marks, with all the skill of a K.C.,  
explained how he and Mr. Samuel had made un-  
complimentary remarks about one another at a  
certain company meeting held in the City in 1902.

Mr. Marks had warned the shareholders present  
against Mr. Samuel as a financier, and Mr. Samuel,  
complained Mr. Marks, had retorted by intro-  
ducing a personal matter.

Mr. Samuel had said that he—Mr. Marks—had  
once brought a "blackmailing action" against him,  
Mr. Samuel.

"This was not true, said Mr. Marks.

The hearing was adjourned."

At Bow-street, yesterday, John Strangeways and  
Milly Hammond were each fined £20 for conduct-  
ing in an improper manner a flat at Morgan House,  
Long Acre.

## "THAT IS MY WIFE!"

Husband, Suddenly Seeing His Wife on  
the Stage, Dies from Shock.

#### "That is my wife!"

These words rang suddenly and loudly out from  
the pit of the Rotunda Theatre, Liverpool, during  
Tuesday night's performance of the pantomime  
"Aladdin."

The man who uttered them had sprung to his  
feet at the entrance upon the stage of an actress  
known as Miss Wardon, had stood for a few  
moments dumb, and staring with astonishment,  
and then, as the words burst from his lips, he fell  
forward unconscious.

Amid the intense excitement of the audience at  
this dramatic, unhearsable effect, the man was car-  
ried into the corridor. All that could be done for  
him, but he died before medical aid could be  
obtained.

His name was Alfred Williams. He lived at 24,  
Humbert-street, and his age was thirty-three.  
Williams and his wife had been separated for  
some time, and his sudden emotion at seeing her  
on the stage affected his head, which was known to  
be weak.

Mrs. Williams was very much upset by the  
strange episode, and the sad death of her husband.

### APPEAL FOR "KINDNESS."

How an Actor Was Asked To Part from  
His Erring Wife.

Theatrical people were parties in two of the long  
list of undefended divorces dealt with by Mr.  
Justice Barnes yesterday.

One of the petitioners was a Mr. John Morley,  
a handsome, tall, young actor, with a deep, rich  
voice.

He told the Court that in 1902 he was obliged  
to be away at Douglas, in the Isle of Man, and  
received a letter from his wife, saying that she  
had gone to Paris for an operation. Several affec-  
tionate letters passed between Paris and Douglas.

Finally, husband and wife both returned to  
London, and met in the Haymarket. At this  
meeting his wife told Mr. Morley that she was  
living with a Mr. Franpe. The affectionate cor-  
respondence had previously been broken by a  
note in which Mrs. Morley said: "I am now with  
a man I care for. Will you get a divorce or not?  
Show your kindness by getting one." A decree  
nisi was granted.

The second theatrical petitioner was a wife, Mrs.  
Florence Louisa Bellman. She declared that her  
husband, Mr. Robert Archibald Bellman, who was  
acting-manager at a music-hall, had struck her on  
the ear with a frying-pan and thrown a boot at  
her.

Counsel: Have you had black eyes?  
Mrs. Bellman: Yes, many times. The frying-  
pan left marks and hurt me very much.

A decree nisi was pronounced.

### JOCKEY'S DEATH RIDE.

Thrilling Story of the Accident in the Coliseum  
Derby Race.

How the young jockey, Fred Grice, rode to his  
death in the great Derby Race spectacle at the  
Coliseum was told at the inquest at Westminster  
yesterday.

All eyes in the vast audience last Friday night  
were fastened on the thrilling spectacle. The six  
horses had just burst into view from behind the  
panorama cloth, and seemed, so clever is the  
mechanical stage device, to be galloping at race-  
horse speed, when suddenly the horse ridden by  
Grice came down.

Mr. Henry Pemberton, the engineer, regulates  
the revolving platform's speed, which, at the time  
of the accident, was about fourteen or fifteen miles  
an hour. The horses were galloping in the op-  
posite direction at a rate estimated at twelve to  
fifteen miles an hour. He did not think Grice was  
attempting to race.

All the jockeys were experienced, Grice having  
been apprenticed to Mr. Morton, a Wantage  
trainer.

A verdict of Accidental Death was returned.

### BRIDGE SCORER.

Neat and daintily made, with full  
value of cards and rules of game  
on back. A boon to Bridge lovers.  
Over 100 sheets in each. Five  
for 1s. 9d., post free.

CLUBS SUPPLIED BY THE GROSS.

### BRIDGE SCORER.

DIXON and HUNTING (Ld.),  
180, Fleet Street, London, E.C.



## KILLING NO MURDER.

Nominal Punishment Inflicted on a  
Filipino for Crime on the  
High Seas.  
**SENTENCE—THREE DAYS.**

A verdict of manslaughter, with a strong recommendation to mercy, was returned at the Old Bailey yesterday in the case of the Manila man, Miranda, charged with murder on the high seas.

A nominal sentence of three days' imprisonment was passed by the Judge, who, however, endorsed the jury's decision in not bringing in a verdict of justifiable homicide.

The evidence disclosed a state of affairs such as is sometimes depicted in a disenchanting latter-day story of the sea.

MacIntyre, the murdered man, was mate of the British sailing-ship Norwood. He appears to have possessed all the truculence of Captain Kettle, and many of his seamanlike qualities.

He carried his hazing to such an extent that every man of the crew bore marks of his ill-usage. One sailor was so distracted by his brutality that he improvised a raft from a step-ladder, and successfully undertook a hazardous twenty-mile voyage to land.

## Mild-Spoken Skipper.

The captain was powerless. When complaints were made, he explained in his evidence, he told the mate: "I don't allow anything of that sort on board my ship."

So mildly were the words delivered that they caused a general laugh in court.

At Manila the vessel shipped a number of Filipino hands, whose incompetence seems to have driven the mate to frenzy.

Miranda was singled out for special ill-treatment. He was kicked, beaten over the head with handcuffs, and so manhandled that he still bore the marks as he stood yesterday in the dock.

On the night of October 21, when the vessel was off the Cape of Good Hope, the tragedy occurred. That day Miranda had been struck in the face with a pair of handcuffs, and the mate was attacking him again when he cried out, "I am stabbed."

Miranda hid for three days, and was then arrested.

A few days later the mate died, and was buried at sea.

In summing up the Judge said he felt it impossible to regret what had happened to MacIntyre.

## WORLD'S FLEETS IN FIGURES.

What It Costs the Nations to Protect Their Commercial Interest.

Instructive and interesting to a degree are the figures to be found in a Parliamentary paper issued yesterday, which deals statistically with international naval and shipping matters.

The value of the sea-borne trade of the leading countries in the world during the past year is compared, and the expenditure made to safeguard it is—

UNITED KINGDOM.		RUSSIA.	
Millions.		Millions.	
Naval expenditure.....	£351	Naval expenditure.....	£121
Revenue.....	£411	Revenue.....	£219
Mercantile marine tonnage.....	101	Mercantile marine tonnage.....	10
Shipping clearances (tons).....	1092	Shipping clearances (tons).....	30
Exports and imports.....	£981	Exports and imports.....	£881
GERMANY.		FRANCE.	
Naval expenditure.....	£101	Naval expenditure.....	£121
Revenue.....	£91	Revenue.....	£135
Mercantile marine tonnage.....	21	Mercantile marine tonnage.....	11
Shipping clearances (tons).....	108	Shipping clearances (tons).....	331
Exports and imports.....	£692	Exports and imports.....	£361
UNITED STATES.		JAPAN.	
Naval expenditure.....	£165	Naval expenditure.....	£23
Revenue.....	£144	Revenue.....	£251
Mercantile marine tonnage.....	4	Mercantile marine tonnage.....	1
Shipping clearances (tons).....	24	Shipping clearances (tons).....	131
Exports and imports.....	£921	Exports and imports.....	£691

In a few cases the returns are those for 1902, these being the latest available.

## GIRLS' REALM GUILD.

Young members of the Girls' Realm Guild mustered in force at Prince's Hall yesterday to hear the addresses of Mr. Alfred Austin (the Poet Laureate) and Lady Aberdeen.

So full was the hall that many members, who could not even get up the stairs, dissolved into tears of disappointment at the bottom.

## ITEMS OF GENERAL NEWS.

Leicester is to have a new industry, a large factory having been acquired by a firm of carpet manufacturers.

At the conclusion of the meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society yesterday, Lord Middleton announced that the annual show would be held at Park Royal on June 27, 28, 29, and 30.

## MAYOR ON A MERRY-GO-ROUND.

Unable to get sufficient individual subscriptions for his unemployed fund, the Mayor of Norwich has resorted to novel tactics which certainly justify his democratic reputation.

Having given his patronage to a merry-go-round show, its profits for the day have been handed over to the fund.

## PAWKY SCOTS LAW.

Scots law has some pawky peculiarities. At Edinburgh yesterday Lord Ardwell, the new Scottish Judge, was formally installed in office by the Court of Session.

By a quaint legal formality his lordship had to go through the formality of trying a case to prove his fitness for the position. He passed with honours.

## ANOTHER RUSSIAN OUTRAGE.

The herring fishermen of Barra, Scotland, have a warm side towards Russia, for business reasons. In the piping times of peace the subjects of the Tsar are the fishermen's best customers. They eat

Prince Arthur of Connaught celebrates his 22nd birthday to-morrow.

Employees of the G.E.R. have been thanked by the directors for their exertions during the recent foggy weather.

The Prince and Princess of Wales will visit the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry at Mountstewart, Newtownards, at the end of the present month.

The motor-omnibus has come to stay. The London General Omnibus Company has ordered six from the Wolseley Company, to be ready by the end of March.

## WILL HE SURRENDER?

Within the last few days there has been taken to a private asylum in South London a gentleman who labours under the delusion that he is General Stoessel, the heroic defender of Port Arthur.

It is feared that the poor gentleman's troubles are not yet over, for, strangely enough, in the same institution there are already two Marshals Oyama and three Mikados.

## HISTORIC CHURCH OAK SOLD.

After escaping the great fire of London, the fine old oak-panelling in Holy Trinity Church, Minorities, has been purchased by Mr. S. Dockerell, of Putney.

Dating from 1108, Holy Trinity has many his-

## TO-DAY'S ELECTION.



Mr. Harry Lawson, son of Lord Burnham, the Unionist candidate at to-day's election at Mile End.

Scottish herrings as a hors d'œuvre, like sardines, and pay handsomely for the delicacies.

Since the fighting commenced the revenue of Barra has been reduced fifty per cent. "Stop the war," say the fishermen.

## BEACH A HIGHWAY.

Owing to the undesirable hawkers who frequent the beach, Clacton Urban District Council resolved yesterday to promote in Parliament a Bill declaring the beach to be a public highway.

By this means the council, to whom the beach belongs, can instruct the police summarily to remove all objectionable persons.

## EDINBURGH CITY HONOURS.

At a meeting of the Lord Provost's Committee of Edinburgh Town Council yesterday, recommendations were made that the freedom of the city should be granted to the Duke of Connaught, Lord Reay, and Mr. Balfour.

Lord Reay, it will be remembered, was chairman of the Institute of International Law, which met last summer in Edinburgh.

## BURNS'S BIRTHDAY RELICS.

Mrs. Johnstone, of Watchhill, Annan, is the fortunate possessor of an antique cup and saucer which were used on the night of Burns's birth.

Bequeathed to her by an old woman, who received them from Burns's mother, the articles, which are of a pale blue colour and ornamented with figures, are in a good state of preservation and at least 185 years old.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Descriptions of the Principal  
Photographs in To-day's  
"Daily Mirror."

## ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES.

## £10,000, DEAD OR ALIVE.

Dr. Sun Yat Sen, the famous Chinese revolutionist, has just arrived in London again. He was forcibly detained at the Chinese Embassy in London eight years ago, and only with the greatest difficulty obtained his release owing to the efforts of Dr. Cantlie, who drew the attention of the British authorities to the gross abuse of Ambassadorial privileges involved.

Since then he has been in China organising revolt, the Weichow rising being one result of his efforts, and an abortive attempt at revolution in Canton another. Though the Chinese Government have put a price of £10,000 on his head, he always eluded those who were seeking to take him, dead or alive, and remained in China actively engaged in revolutionary propaganda until last year.

When Dr. Sun Yat Sen passed through the United States on his way to this country the Chinese Minister at Washington issued a proclamation to the Chinese in that country prohibiting them from having any dealings with him under the barbarous penalty of having their families and relatives in China arrested and beheaded, and the big and small steamers.

He intends to return to China shortly to prosecute his work, and notwithstanding the huge reward offered for his apprehension is confident that he will be able to outwit his would-be captors. His portrait will be found on page 1.

## THE WRECK OF THE RAZDOROPNY.

The escape of the Razdoropny from Port Arthur was one of the most thrilling incidents of the dramatic siege of the great Far Eastern fortress. Carrying important dispatches to be forwarded to St. Petersburg via Chifu, she steamed out of the blockaded harbour at midnight in the midst of a blinding snowstorm.

Though her engines were set at full speed the heavy seas, which constantly swept her decks, prevented her making more than ten knots an hour; but none the less, aided by the whirling snow and intense darkness, the Razdoropny succeeded in getting through the lines of the Japanese fleet, and reached Chifu after a daring six and a half hours' race through the big and small steamers.

The same evening Captain Plen, who was in command, blew up the destroyer to prevent her capture by the foes of Russia. Officers and men were drawn up at attention on the beach to salute the gallant little vessel as she blew up and sank to the bottom. Her funnels still show above the water, as shown in our photograph on page 9.

## PALMISTS AND POSTERS.

When "Keiro" and his companions were convicted of fortune-telling and of obtaining money by false pretences last October, the Judge, in passing what he described as "the very merciful sentence" of binding them to come up for judgment if called upon, added: "For the future let us hope that we shall not see the traffic impeded by long lines of sandwichmen announcing palmists and crystal-gazing and so on."

To what extent his hope has been fulfilled may be gathered from the picture on page 9, which shows one of the many perambulating advertisements of the sort which may be seen any day in the West End.

## CUT OFF BY THE FLOODS.

That it is still possible, even in these days of easy communication and quick travel, for a town or district to be entirely isolated from the rest of the world may be gathered from our photographs on page 8, which show the floods around Brightlingsea.

It sounds almost incredible that it has not been possible for a train to reach the town since the latter days of last year; but such is the case, notwithstanding the efforts made by the railway company to repair the damaged railway. In view of the fact that it has been in many places completely washed away by the invading waters, there is a certain humour in the official description of the repairing operations we illustrate as a restoration of the "permanent" way. Evidently it is only permanent weather permitting.

At present the only way to reach the town is to go to a station some three or four miles away, from whence it is possible for a high-wheeled cart to convey the passenger to his destination dryshod. By any other route it is a matter of going by boat, an undertaking of difficulty by reason of the imminent peril of shipwreck owing to submerged fences, hedges, and such like.

## A WOMAN WAR DOCTOR.

On page 9 we give a portrait of Dr. Anita Newcomb McGee, who has just returned from Japan, where for the past ten months she has been doing sterling work among the wounded in the war hospitals. She comes from Philadelphia, and is the president of the Association of Spanish-American War Nurses.

In recognition of the valuable services rendered by the lady doctor and the band of Red Cross nurses under her command, the Mikado accorded her the rare honour of a personal audience. It is the first time that any woman has received such honour in Japan, where the gentler sex is not in general considered to be of much account.



## NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—  
2, CARMELITE STREET,  
LONDON, E.C.  
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.

## Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, JANUARY 12, 1905.

THE "DAILY MIRROR"  
BUYS A SLAVE.

Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs  
Receive our air, that moment they are free.

**S**O wrote the poet Cowper, and his lines summed up the feeling which Englishmen had about slavery in the days when the agitation for its abolition was going on.

Even now the very talk of slavery arouses indignation. The outcry against Chinese Labourers in the Rand Mines was doubled as soon as it became known that they were not to be treated as free men. Yet what humbug it is for us to talk about slavery as we do! How many of us have thought out for ourselves the question whether it would not be better for thousands of people in Britain to-day to be slaves rather than free men?

What is the "freedom" of the man who depends upon his labour and cannot find employment? He is "free" to tramp about all day looking for work; "free" to see others warm and well-fed while he shivers and gnaws a crust; "free" to grow weaker and weaker as cold and hunger tell upon his frame; "free" to sink down beaten, "free" to starve slowly, "free" to die.

Slaves, at any rate, are looked after; fed, and clothed sufficiently; given a roof over their heads. In the old slavery days it was a rare to find a man who neglected or ill-treated his human possessions as it is nowadays to come across cruel or careless owners of horses and cattle.

Britons regard slavery with horror, but at the same time many of them treat their free workpeople far worse than they would treat slaves. If a slave dies it is a loss to his owner. If a "free" worker dies there are dozens of others eager for his job. His death makes no difference to an employer at all.

Further, we are all of us in a measure responsible for the social system which dooms thousands of wretched people to conditions of life harder than those of any slaves the world has ever known. It is to emphasise the shame and the pitifulness of these conditions that the *Daily Mirror* has taken the step we announce this morning.

A man in the depths of despair, starving, shoeless, shattered by the misery he had gone through, wrote to us for help. At the end of his letter was a sentence which arrested our attention. Even slavery, he said, would be infinitely preferable to such a life as his. Probably he has no clear notion of what slavery means. But his words suggested a method of driving home into the public mind the wretchedness and hopelessness in which so many of the unemployed are sunk.

We have bought this man in order to show to what depths it is possible to sink in this "free" country of ours, where the name of slavery is abhorred, but where enormous numbers of "free" men and women fall into a state compared to which slavery would be a pleasant and easy condition of life.

## A POINTLESS PROTEST.

A correspondent of the "Times" protests warmly against the use of the word "chauffeur" applied to motor-car drivers. He calls it a hideous title, and says the English language is debased by it.

The only alternative he proposes, however, is "driver." That is open to the objection that it is a loose, vague term. Engines have drivers; so have cabs and omnibuses and all other horse-drawn vehicles. "Motor-driver" is clumsy.

When we have a new thing it is just as well to give it a new name, even if we have to borrow from a foreign tongue. "Chauffeur" is handy, and everyone knows what it means. Unless some equally good English word can be found, this will continue in use, and, for our part, we cannot see any reason why it should not.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

"The East has not yet exhausted its lessons for us, and Europe may still sit at the feet of her elder sister."—*Lord Curzon, who yesterday celebrated his twenty-fifth birthday.*

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

**N**OTHING interests the modern gossips more than speculation as to the marriages of eligible young royalties. Very eligible at the present moment is the young Duke of Braganza, Crown Prince of Portugal, and very persistent is the rumour that he is to marry the Princess Patricia of Connaught. The young Duke (he is now about seventeen) is a Roman Catholic, however, and that might put difficulties in the way. Still, the exact form of the bride's religion is a matter of no very vital importance amongst royalties. Did not the Protestant daughter of our Princess Alice become a member of the Greek Church when she married the Tsar of Russia?

In any case the future bride of the Crown Prince (whoever she is) is a lucky girl, for he is a most intelligent and attractive young man. He was born in Lisbon, and has only very seldom left his native land. His mother, Queen Amelia, often visits England, however, and she was born over here, at Twickenham. While she is away the Prince is very carefully looked after. His governess was an old French lady, who had taken care of the princesses of the House of Orleans when they were children. Now he has given up governesses and taken to riding, shooting, and the delights of manhood. He has no fewer than fifteen baptismal names!

The Duke of Atholl, who is one of our great nobles with Plantagenet blood in their veins, as the

Marquis of Ruvigny will show in his forthcoming book on the subject, is not one of the Dukes known to London "smart" society. He comes very seldom to London, preferring his native Berkshire heath and magnificent Blair Castle, or his winter home near far from it, at Dunblane. The Duke is extremely popular with the peasantry up there, and is able to speak to them in the best Gaelic. He is delightfully feudal in his habits, and actually used to keep an armed bodyguard, legalised by the late Queen, and composed exclusively of Highland giants.

Up in the north where progress (fortunately for the northerners) works with less devastating vigour than in the south, the Duke is looked upon almost as a king. He is hedged round with ceremony. On one occasion it is said that the Presbytery of Dunkeld desired to consult a charter in his possession. How was the Presbytery to "approach" him? The question was debated for hours. Finally it was decided that a deputation should wait upon the Duke "in a quiet, easy, gentlemanly way, which the Duke would certainly appreciate." Picture the deputation sitting in to the great man, in a collectively elegant manner!

Fortunate are they who have succeeded in two professions, and fortunate therefore is Mr. H. V. Esmond, dramatist and actor, who has just had a play produced successfully in New York. In spite of his double success Mr. Esmond is relatively unspoiled, still youthful in appearance and manner, and not over-confident about his powers. He is, in fact, very nervous as his first units, and a story to prove it is told of his appearance at Touchstone, the jester, in "As You Like It," at the St. James's Theatre.

He was standing in the wings, waiting to go on. Suddenly the stage-manager was startled by the sound of bells jingling. What could it be? It was Mr. Esmond, who was trembling so that his jester's suit rang loudly enough to be heard on the stage. But the part was nevertheless very well played. Mrs. Esmond, known to all players as Miss Eva Moore, is less nervous than her husband on first nights. They hear each other their parts, and Mr. Esmond writes his plays in their quiet house near Sloane-square, a house which once belonged to Mme. Vestris, the celebrated actress of Lyceum fame.

Miss Eva Moore was a governess before she thought of going on the stage. She hated teaching, finding it unremunerative and very fatiguing. When she decided to take acting, it was to Mr. Toole who gave her a first chance. He was very kind to her, and she remembers still the delicate way in which he restored a week's salary to her which had been stolen by a dresser. The dresser was arrested for another theft, and Miss Moore soon afterwards received a repentant letter, enclosing the amount of the salary she supposed to come from the thief. In reality it came from Mr. Toole, who had heard of her loss, and determined to make it good.

Dingley Hall, Northamptonshire, where the daughter of Lord and Lady Downe was married yesterday, is a beautiful Elizabethan house, with one of the placid-looking, sheepy gardens found only in England. Lady Downe, who does not give much time to society, is an expert gardener, and nothing pleases her better than to receive a present of rare flower seed from her friends. Lord and Lady Roberts frequently stay with her, for Lady Downe would not do without the society of the camp, and Lady Roberts sent Lady Downe some curious plants from South Africa—amongst them lilies from her own son's grave.

Lady Downe has held many official positions. She was once Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Connaught, and she was Queen Victoria's Lady of the Bedchamber. She went with her husband to India, and spent some years there in exile from her flowers and music. There, by the way, she discovered a very remarkable Hindoo servant, and brought him home to act as footman, which he does very decoratively, in native dress and wearing a splendid turban.

Almost every day a new view of the famous Mme. Syveton is thrust upon one. It is impossible to know what she really is, for she has been misrepresented as every thing, from an affectionate wife to a heartless schemer. The latest view of her is supplied by M. Syveton's sister, Mme. Barzay. This lady affirms that in Mme. Syveton's mind ambition, social success, and pleasure were stronger than any other motives. "Her poor husband cared for nothing but quiet, literary work. Out of his peace she rooted him, and pushed him into politics. She never really cared for him."

## IN MY GARDEN THIS MORNING.

JANUARY 12.—Trees are being pruned now. This is a necessary operation in many ways, but it should always be done with great care.

The barbarous practice, so common in suburban gardens, of cutting down the branches every year to an unsightly stump, cannot be too severely condemned. It would be much better not to grow trees at all if they are to be mutilated annually.

One reason why trees are chopped about so is that, in the first instance, they have been planted too closely together. If they were only allowed plenty of room to develop we should then be able to admire unspoiled examples of Nature's most noble work.

## ROYAL BLOOD IN EVERY RANK OF LIFE.



Commenting on a book now in preparation upon living descendants of the Plantagenet Kings, the *Daily Mail* says that many people with royal blood in their veins "dwell, unhonoured and unknown, in obscure hamlets and city slums." Our artist warns the compiler of the work to prepare for callers like these.

## A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Sergius de Witte.

**H**E has made a good deal of history already, and it looks as though he were to have the chance of making some more, for he is almost certain to be the new Russian Home Minister. He started life with every handicap. He has not as much Russian as Dutch blood in his veins, and his first position was as an underpaid clerk at a railway station.

But he was not a clerk long. His brains soon told, and he became head of his railway and then of all the railways. Next he was made Minister of Finance, and saved Russia from bankruptcy—setting her on her feet again by the money he borrowed from France—founded the Manchurian policy, and completed the Siberian railway.

He then fell into disgrace, and the Tsar promoted him to a post where he was out of the way. Now they are in trouble they want him back—not because they like him, but because they trust him.

The Tsar especially is not fond of him. He is not a courtier. He works sixteen hours a day, and has not had time to acquire much polish, or even get rid of his railway clerk's manners. Nor is he a lovable man by nature. He is cold and hard, and places ambition before everything. When it was discovered that his wife, a beautiful woman, to whose cleverness he owed much of his rapid rise, was speculating on 'Change with official information furnished by him, he took no account of love. She was divorced and exiled.

To look at he is not imposing, in spite of his commanding build. He stands well over six feet high, and is big and burly in proportion. His forehead is high and broad, and his brown hair, bushed straight back without a parting, helps to increase its apparent size. His eyes are also brown, and his typical Russian beard. It is the smallness of the eyes and the heaviness of the lips which mar the face.

His two weaknesses are cigarettes and tea. He smokes all day and drinks tea at every opportunity.

## THE WORLD'S HUMOUR.

Wit from Two Hemispheres.

"But why are you so sorrowful, Otto?"  
"Only think, my first patient has secretly got well behind my back."—*Figaro* (French).

"Doctor," said a friend, anxiously, "have you heard that horrible story about Williamson?"  
"No," said the doctor. "What story is that?"  
"A story to the effect that he was buried alive."  
"Buried alive!" said the doctor. "Impossible. He was one of my patients."—*Collier's Weekly*.

Small Boy: Mama, didn't you say Sissie was always to have the bigger half of anything you gave us?  
Mama: Yes, dear boy. Why?

Small Boy: I expect you'll be giving us something soon, Mama, when you find the vase we've just broken.—*Fliegende Blätter* (German).

Little Stanley had spent his first day at school. "What did you learn?" was the mother's first question. "Didn't learn anything."

"Well, what did you do?" "Didn't do anything. But the c was a woman there who wanted to know how to spell 'cat,' so I told her."—*Liverpool Post*.

"I would like," she said, marching up to the counter with a swing that was calculated to attract attention and inspire awe, "to see the manager of this department."

The clerk, noting that she was beautiful, smiled at her, and sweetly replied:—  
"I don't see him anywhere around just now. Won't I do?"

She looked him up and down a few times, and then replied:—  
"No, I don't think you will. I'm his wife, and—"

But the clerk had gone to hunt for him.—*N. Y. Press*.





# PICTORIAL NEWS



## BRIGHTLINGSEA CUT OFF BY FLOODS.

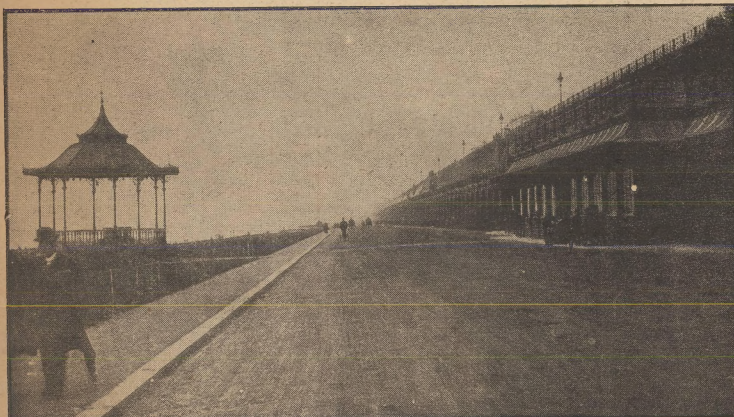


Since the beginning of this year Brightlingsea has not seen a train. The great floods not only washed away the sea-wall by the railroad, but undermined the permanent way, so that the town has been completely cut off from the outside world by rail. The above photograph taken yesterday shows a train arriving on the scene of the subsided track with a breakdown gang.—(Copyright: *Daily Mirror*.)



This picture shows the men at work filling up the yawning gaps and repairing the twisted metals on the flooded railway near Brightlingsea.—(Copyright: *Daily Mirror*.)

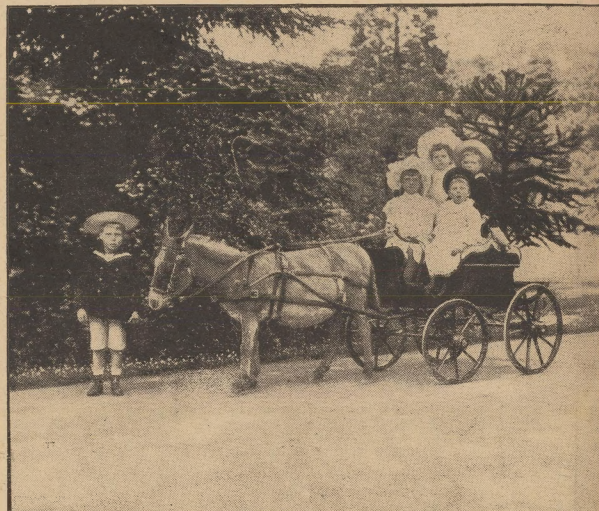
## BRIGHTON PROMENADE AS A MOTOR TRACK.



The promenade at Brighton, taken near the band-stand, Madeira-road, looking west towards the Aquarium. It is proposed to convert this fine stretch of roadway for use as a motor-track.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THESE PHOTOGRAPHS SEE PAGE 8.

## ROYAL CHILDREN IN THEIR NURSERY CAR.



The latest photograph of the children of the Princess of Wales and Duchess of Fife. Prince Edward of Wales is standing by the pony's head, and his little brothers, the Princes Albert and Henry, are seen on the extreme right. The two children of the Duchess of Fife are on the left of the group.—(Copyright of Redmond Barrett. Published by Bassano.)

## TSAREVITCH'S NURSE.



A unique photograph of the Tsarevitch's wet nurse with her own little baby. The infant's little brother is the foster-brother of the heir to the Tsar of All the Russia.



# A DAYS DOINGS PICTURED

## TO-DAY'S WEDDING.



Miss Dorothy Casberd-Boteler (daughter of Commander Casberd-Boteler, R.N.) and Mr. J. A. E. Drury-Lowe (Scots Guards) (son of Mr. and Lady Lucy Drury-Lowe), who are to be married at St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square, to-day.—(Photographs by Lafayette and Gabell.)

## 15th HUSSARS' NEW CHIEF.



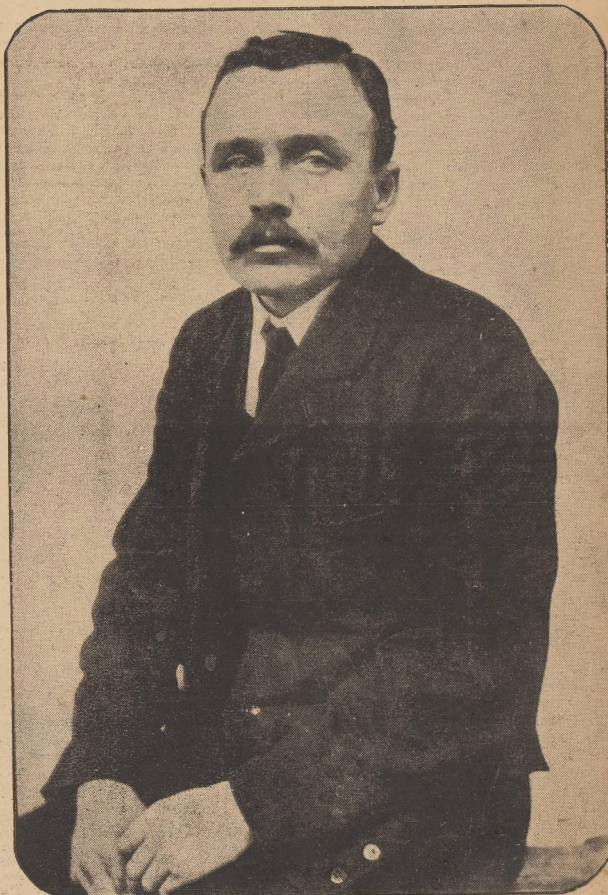
Lieutenant-General Sir George Luck, K.C.B., who has just been appointed Honorary Colonel of the 15th Hussars Regiment.—(Photograph by C. Vandyk.)

## A WOMAN WAR DOCTOR.



Dr. Anita McGee, who has just returned from the Far East, where she headed the American war nurses in Japan, and was received by the Mikado.

## THE "DAILY MIRROR" SLAVE.



Frederick Lucas, a destitute West Ham man, who, in despair of ever being able to find employment, offered himself to the *Daily Mirror* as a slave, and has been bought by us for £2. Full particulars appear elsewhere.—(Copyright: *Daily Mirror*.)

## PALMISTS AT PRACTICE AGAIN.



The recent convictions of "Keiro" and his associates for fortune-telling do not seem to have put a stop to the business of the wizards of the West End, as is seen by the above photograph. It shows one of a band of sandwich men who are now parading the streets with posters advertising palmists and clairvoyants.

## THE RAZTOROPNY SUNK IN CHIFU HARBOUR.



This warship succeeded in running the blockade from Port Arthur with dispatches from General Stoessel, and after reaching Chifu was destroyed by her captain to prevent her being captured by the Japanese.



## BEGIN OUR NEW SERIAL TO-DAY.

## A MAN IN A MILLION.

By CORALIE STANTON and HEATH HOSKEN,

Authors of

"Chance, the Juggler," "A Widow by Choice," and "Scarlet Lies."

"It is not so hard to sow as to reap."—GOETHE.

## SYNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTERS.

"How it rains! Oh, how it rains!"

The woman paced up and down two or three times between the table and the window with swift, restless steps, holding in one hand the mass of somewhat faded finery that she was engaged in fashioning into a new shape—somewhere about the sixth renovation of the dress.

Vanna Tempest could not live without luxury, gaiety, and the finery which had been hers before the smash came which drove her husband, Dick Tempest, to live in a country cottage on the remnants of their fortune. Dick Tempest had speculated and had failed, but he was resigned; the woman chafed in the thralls, and her nature was spoiling. Even their daughter, Joan, a girl of fifteen, was shocked at her mother's outbursts of temper and miserable discontent.

In despair of the change in his beautiful wife, Dick Tempest, the kindest and best of souls, resolved to risk the remnant of his fortune in one more speculation under the guidance of his friend, Anthony Heron. Luck was with him this time. In a few days he netted the sum of £800. With characteristic generosity he put the cheque into Vanna's hands, saying, "Go to London and have a good time."

Her heart leapt at the prospect; but she was disappointed to find that he preferred to stay behind and work on, content that she should have temporary relief from the everlasting strain of their narrowed circumstances.

"You will look up your women friends, and I shall write to Heron and ask him to look after you," he said. "Tony Heron is just the man to give you a real good time. You have never met him; but I know you'll like him, and I shall be quite certain you're enjoying yourself if I ask him to look after you."

"Oh, Dick, how good you are!" she cried, kissing him rapturously.

"I'm so glad, darling," he muttered hoarsely. "I'm so glad I've been able to do this for you."

It may seem strange that Richard Tempest should have chosen Anthony Heron, a man she had never met, and whom he knew far from intimately, to render Vanna those little courtesies that, to a woman, mean "having a good time"; but, as it happens, it was not strange at all, because it was fate.

## CHAPTER IV.

Ah, Love! could thou and I with fate conspire  
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,  
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then  
Remould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

—Edward Fitzgerald.

Six weeks later, while the June sunshine was reddening in the west, Vanna Tempest sat in a private sitting-room at the Savoy Hotel.

She wore one of the gowns that she had bought during those first delightful days of feverish shopping, when she came to London, with the proceed of her husband's "little flutter" safely lodged in the bank in her name, and with strict injunctions from her good, faithful Dick to spare no expense and have a real good time.

It was a lovely gown, a hopelessly extravagant gown, all white and fluffy and perishable, and already a little soiled about the hem. Her neck and shoulders rose above the lace, fair and rounded as a girl's; her face sparkled with animation; all the ugly, disfiguring little lines were gone; her splendid eyes were soft and lustrous, as if they had seen beautiful things and held a reflection of them; her curved red lips were parted in a little happy smile, as she sat in a deep chair, with a note in her hands, and on the table beside her a huge bunch of La France roses.

She looked ten years younger than the woman who had sat furiously up her faded finery in the cottage at Bodington on that wild and rainy night when Dick Tempest had realised with an agonised pang of horror what poverty was doing for his beloved wife. She was more than beautiful to-night, and she had the air of a conqueror.

She had just laid the note down beside the roses when there was a knock at the door, and a servant announced Mr. Heron.

A tall man came in. He advanced towards her with a swift, eager stride. Vanna held out both her hands, rising quickly, and the white lids dropped suddenly over her eyes.

Anthony Heron had a fine, strong face, with a singularly open and boyish expression that made it very good to look upon. He had dark eyes, and dark, crisp hair, and he was clean-shaven. He held himself well and wore his clothes well, and there was an air of quiet strength and self-reliance about his whole bearing that was very attractive, especially to women. He was one of the best-known of the financiers of the younger generation, and he was enormously rich. Almost every woman he met fell in love with him for a time; but he was so charming, even in his utter indifference, that most of them kept a very warm place for him in their hearts long after their hopeless passion had died of sheer starvation.

He held Vanna's hands just a shade longer than convention demanded, and he gazed at her with open admiration.

"Mrs. Tempest," he said, "I do believe I'm a few minutes late. Will you forgive me? I had so much to do, and we lingered so long over lunch, didn't we? Shall we dine here, or at the Carlton?" He had a magnetic voice, strong and austere; the voice of a man who is quite sure of himself.

"Oh, here," said Vanna. "And let's hurry. I'm so looking forward to Melba and Caruso. I don't want to miss a note."

They went out of the room and down in the lift to the great restaurant, with its rich, subdued glow of Heron's hotel. Heron's small table in a corner, not too near the band, from which they could see the whole room. Heron bowed to nearly everybody, and everybody stared at Vanna.

"It is your night, Mrs. Tempest," said Heron in a low voice, as she sat down, surveying the room with shining, complacent eyes. "I have never seen a woman look so beautiful."

"Tony," she said almost harshly, "I am going some to-morrow." She had fallen into the habit of calling him Tony, although he never addressed her by her Christian name.

He started at the announcement. "Not really," he exclaimed. "Not while town is so jolly and the best of everything is to come. Oh, Mrs. Tempest, it would be a shame!"

"But I must."

"It seems as if you had only just come," the man said. "Must you really go back? Has your husband sent for you?"

Vanna shook her head.

"Tony," she said, "I tell you the truth? she asked, with a little laugh. "You know we are very poor. All these pretty frocks that I have been wearing, and my rooms here and the victoria, and all that—they are—well, just a burst! Do you see? Dick, my husband—made a little money—at least, it would seem a little to you, but it was a fortune to us—and he insisted that I should come to town and have a good time, because I was getting moped down in the country. I hate the country, you know; but Dick loves it."

"I see," said Heron thoughtfully. His eyes were fixed on her beautiful, sparkling, captivatiing face with a strange, intent, almost ravenous expression. "And has the money given out?"

She smiled and said, with a little grimace: "Very nearly. It would last out another week; but I feel that week would be too awful—counting every day, every hour, every minute. So I'm going back to-morrow; I've wired Dick already. I know he'll be glad to have me back, and I'm taking him some presents, and I shall have such a lot to tell him—particularly how good you've been to me. And now I expect you think me an awful fool for telling you this."

"I don't," said Heron gravely. "Indeed, I don't."

"Are you sorry I'm going, Tony?" she asked.

The sound of his name, as she spoke it, stirred the blood in the man's veins in a subtle, agreeable way. He began to call him Tony as a kind of a nickname; and it sounded like a caress.

"I can't believe it," he answered in his quiet, nasterful voice. "Let's forget it—or to-night."

After that they talked spasmodically, while they ate the light dinner Heron had ordered, because Vanna did not want to miss the beginning of the Opera. Over the coffee, as they sat in silence, she told him. For a time Vanna watched the blue spirals of smoke curl up from his cigarette; then she said abruptly:

"How quiet you are, Tony. What are you thinking about?"

"You," he answered quietly and deliberately; and he repeated the monosyllable, lingering over it. "You—ton."

A deep flush spread from her neck right up to her ears of her hair; she said only put her hands to her throat, as if something hurt her there. Then she rose from the table.

"I'm sure we shall be late," she said. "I'll go and get my cloak."

They met in the foyer, and, outside, he helped her silently into a cab, nor did they speak at

all during the short drive to the opera house. Vanna sat almost huddled up in her corner; she looked steadily out of the glass at the side of the cab; every now and then a sigh escaped her.

Anthony Heron's box was on the grand tier. Vanna had sat in it on many a night during these six weeks; sometimes alone with him, sometimes with others of his friends or hers, men and women she had known in her prosperous days. Always she had sat well in front, glad to be seen, smiling, animated, a beautiful woman in the fulness of her beauty, radiating happiness and an almost fierce joy in life.

To-night she drew back her chair, as the curtain went up, and sat so that she was hidden from view by the hangings of the box.

She was no longer the same woman to-night; she realised that something had happened to her. She had been living in a dream, and suddenly she had been roughly awakened. She did not see the great house, with its fashionable audience, the lovely women, the glittering jewels; she did not see the stage; it was all blurred and misty. The voice of Melba might have been some lovely bird singing in a tree, or of Vanna's being so kind only of herself, and of the man beside her. He was leaning his arm on the edge of the box; his fine, strong, dark face was half-averted. She looked at him; always her eyes were drawn against her will to his face, and every time she looked a sharp pain stung her, and sometimes scalding tears rose in her eyes, tears that burned her eyelids and made her cry out.

Once during the first act he leaned towards her, with his lips quite close to her ear.

"You are not really going to-morrow?" he whispered.

She bowed her head.

"I must. Indeed, I must. I have had such a good time."

And during the rest of the opera she asked herself questions—terrible searching questions—that laid her own soul bare before her own eyes and left her quivering with shame.

She had had such a good time these six weeks that she had spent in London, nursing herself in the lap of luxury, out of the money she had won so generously given her. And in what had that good time consisted? In being with Anthony Heron. That was the truth. She realised it now, to-night, on the eve of her departure.

She had written frequently to her husband in answer to his cheerful, loving letters, and in each letter she had said:—"Mr. Heron is being so good to me. I owe most of the splendid time I am having to him." And Dick had answered, also in every letter:—"Do tell Heron how grateful I am to him. I know he'd give you a good time. I'm so glad I thought of him."

I owe most of the splendid time I am having to him."

To-night she understood the terrible truth of it.

She went over everything that had happened while she sat in the box behind the curtains, with her eyes drawn magnetically to the face of the man beside her, and the great artists on the stage poured their lovely voices into her deaf ears.

She remembered the first time Anthony Heron had called on her, when she was installed at the Savoy. She remembered how ashamed she had been because none of her new frocks had come home, but he had been so nice, and so friendly and anxious to give her a good time, as her husband had asked him to. She did not remember what she had said, particularly, good-looking; now, as her eyes stole sideways, there was no other face like his in the whole world.

He had asked her to lunch with him, and he had placed his box at the Opera at her disposal, and he had introduced her to some of his friends—in particular to Lady Betty Somerville, who, he said, was his best friend, a charming, ultra-modern woman of the world, no longer very young. Lady Betty had been very kind and seemed quite anxious to take her up, and Vanna had seen a good deal of her and her agreeable, frivolous, pleasure-loving set for the first fortnight of her stay.

Then, she did not quite know how it happened, but she found herself, as if by accident, seeing less and less of her other friends, and more and more of Anthony Heron. She was always sending wires cancelling some arrangement, some reception, or matinee, or drive to Hurlingham, and always because Anthony Heron had asked her to do this or that. For a business man of multifarious interests, he found a great deal of time to place at her disposal. It was as if he were a man of leisure, and took her to the theatre or Opera every night; and, of an afternoon, he would come and spin her out into the country in his motor-car and bring her back in the red glory of the sunset; and once or twice they had spent long days on the river, dreamy, silent days; that made her catch her breath when she thought of them, because they had been so dangerous, although she had not known it at the time.

And this had been her good time, now she came to sum it up. Not what she had meant it to be when she came, not merely the round of gaieties and good living and the homage of men to her beauty; for she had not noticed what she ate or drank, while the plays she saw were almost what the singers sang, or even what the lovers

green country looked like, or how peacefully the river glided by the wooded banks, or how gloriously the sun shone; and certainly she did not know whether any man had looked at her—save one.

She had just drifted and dreamed, knowing that she was content, and not asking why. And to-night she asked why, and the answer came, sharp, uncompromising, illuminating, and terrible.

Because she had been with Anthony Heron, because she had heard his voice and seen his face and felt his presence. With a pang of horror she realised that for the past fortnight they had hardly been separated and to-morrow she was going back, back to her home that she hated, and she would probably never see Tony Heron again.

And all this time Dick had been at home, writing, and tending the garden, missing her terribly, but so glad that she was having a good time.

She saw it all to-night. She looked it straight in the face, for she was no coward. The irony of it ate deep into her soul. God, what had this holiday brought her, this "good time," the thought of which had enraptured her six weeks ago? What but an awful awakening, what but an intolerable ache, what but a knowledge that would make her life more bitter, more impossible, more hellish than it had ever been before?

She could have screamed aloud. Every note of the music beat on her disordered nerves like a sledge hammer.

Anthony Heron seemed instinctively to feel her distress. The last act had hardly begun, but he turned to her, and asked in a low voice:

"Would you like to go?"

She nodded.

"It is stifling," she muttered. "Do you mind?"

He might have rightly thought she felt the heat, for she looked ghastly.

"Would you like some supper?" he asked, as they went down the stairs.

She shook her head.

"No, thank you." And then she added, with a piteous little drag in her voice, "I—I am so tired."

In silence they drove back to the hotel. He had never gone up to her sitting-room before, when he brought her back from the theatre; but now he followed her into the lift.

She opened the door and felt for the electric light switch. Her hand trembled violently; out of the dark room was wafted to her the heavy scent of roses in the night.

When the room was lighted and he had shut the door behind him he put his hat down on a chair, and took her cloak from her shoulders.

She sank wearily into a chair, but rose again immediately to her feet. A soft languor had spread itself over her beauty and made her look very young.

Tony Heron stood in the middle of the room.

"You are really going to-morrow?" he asked.

"This is good-bye?"

"I must. I must." She moved a little nearer to him.

"What a pleasant time it has been," he said.

"Pleasant!" She gave a broken little laugh.

"Beautiful," said the man.

She came quite close. She was trying hard to be brave; she fixed her thoughts steadily on Dick—good, dear, faithful Dick.

"I can't thank you enough, Tony," she said. She thought she made her voice quite firm, and her eyes were fixed on the carpet. "You have given me such a splendid time; you have been so awfully good to me. My little holiday would have been quite different—without you." She laughed again nervously, and her eyes, roamed about the room, which was a veritable bower of roses, all sent by him.

"It has been a great privilege to me to be able to do anything to make your stay pleasant," he said conventionally.

She bit her lips.

"Good-bye, Tony!" She held out both her hands; it was a little trick of hers, meaningless, as a rule.

The man took them both. He looked down at her from his great height; he saw her face, pale, flower-like, beautiful, with all the completeness of womanhood.

His own face was very grave; his voice trembled.

"Vanna!" he said.

She shivered; she felt an awful oppression, as if she were being suffocated.

"Good-bye!" She did not say the word, although her lips moved.

Then the man quickly bent his head and kissed her.

The touch of his lips went through her like a flame. The woman in her could not be deceived. Everything dropped from her then; everything disappeared. Her husband and Joan existed no more; the fifteen years of her married life slipped away into oblivion. She was not wife, not mother. She was a woman, and on her lips were the lips of the man she loved, the man who was meant to be master of her fate.

When he took his lips away, the agonised cry of her heart rang out:

"I am going away! Oh, Tony, I am going away!"

She did not know that it was because she was going away that Tony Heron had kissed her.

IT'S A CONTINUATION.



## PROVIDING HUSBANDS TO ORDER.

Mr. Whiteley, the "Universal Provider," Has Often Acted as a Matrimonial Agent.

## MORE WIVES WANTED.

Would-be Brides for "Mr. X" Still Sending in Their Names.

The difficulties experienced by our correspondent "Mr. X" in finding a helpmeet not having yet been surmounted, it occurred to the *Daily Mirror* that Mr. William Whiteley, the Universal Provider, was the one man in London to whom to go for advice. He is willing to supply an elephant or a pin. Why not a bridegroom or a bride?

Mr. Whiteley, whose face is usually wreathed with smiles, and whose whole demeanour is one of extreme amiability and affability, affected an air of great reserve when the question was put to him: "What would you do, Mr. Whiteley, if a gentleman made a bona-fide application to you to obtain a wife for him?"

"It's a very delicate matter—a very delicate matter," said the genial U.P., "and it would be quite impossible for me to disclose my modus operandi in such a case."

"I can quite understand the difficulties which some men experience in getting suited matrimonially. It's not men only, either. Many ladies, young, pretty, wealthy, who have failed to find the sort of man they desire, have appealed to me for help."

### NOT A BUSINESS MATTER.

"Have I ever arranged any such marriages? Yes, plenty of them. But, mark you," said Mr. Whiteley, "never for money. I have never made a penny out of such affairs. It is a matter of personal interest and not of business with me. It is indispensable that I should have a personal knowledge of the parties; I must know whom I am introducing to one another. If the daughter of a gentleman sought an introduction to a likely partner, I should introduce him in the first instance to her father. You can't be too careful in such matters. The responsibility is great."

Mr. Whiteley spoke very seriously. "Of course," he added, more lightly, "I often supply best men, just as I do wedding breakfasts. That is a mere matter of business."

"I cannot possibly say what I would do if your 'Mr. X' came to me on such an errand. If his credentials were entirely satisfactory I might be interested in his case, and do my best to assist him. Or, again, I might not. At any rate, if I did, it would be a strictly private and personal matter between us."

"Please be very careful," concluded Mr. Whiteley in gracefully dismissing the *Daily Mirror*, "as to what you tell your readers. It is a very delicate matter."

## UNWILLING BACHELORS.

"Mr. X's" correspondence to-day is quite swamped by the letters from bachelors in all stations of life and of all ages imploring the *Daily Mirror* to find them wives.

Many write asking to be put in communication with any suitable and likely woman, while others, selecting from the letters which have been published in the *Daily Mirror*, write asking that their letters may be forwarded.

That is, of course, impossible. It is one thing to forward letters to "Mr. X," but quite another to put any man who cares to write in communication with what are in many cases young and inexperienced girls.

A "Nurse Who Can Stand Alone" has taken the fancy of a Government employee in Sheerness Dockyard, and "Patience" has many admirers.

### ALL KINDS OF SUITORS.

The "Hampton Girl of Twenty-three" has further would-be correspondents to-day. Among them is a commercial traveller of twenty-four who shows his business capacity by talking of refunding the expenses of correspondence—and a bachelor of independent means, and thirty years of age. This last thinks her lot so sad that he is prepared to see whether he might be acceptable. Another of her admirers describes himself very fully:—

I stand about 6ft. 2in. in height, of athletic build, well-informed, intellectual, far-seeing, and much travelled. Other people say I am good-looking, but I am not vain. The majority of you are like me, and say I am very good company, and should make an ideal husband.

It seems strange that such a man should be unable to find a wife. It is only fair to add that he sends another letter for "The tall and fair-haired lady of thirty-five at Sheffield." While giving the same description of himself he says that he much prefers tall, fair women to anything else.

Another correspondent who veils his identity under the name of "Hymen," but adds a good old English name, not for publication, frankly

avows that he wants a little money with his prospective bride. He describes himself as a consulting engineer of thirty-seven, and suggests that "An unwilling spinster of Teddington" would be most likely to meet his requirements.

A widower with initials "H. N.," who writes from Dorchester, tells a very simple but telling tale.

I have been a widower for thirteen years, with a boy now fourteen. We should both of us be the better for a good wife and mother, had I the luck to secure a second.

A correspondent who signs himself "Y. Z.," says that he looks upon the *Daily Mirror* as a personal friend, but if only it will find him a wife he would be more than grateful. His letter goes on:—

I cannot marry simply because I do not know any suitable woman, and have no means of becoming acquainted with one. I am thirty-five, and have regular employment. I should be only too glad to meet a bright girl, from eighteen to twenty-five, who wants to find an honourable, decent man for a husband.

His letter voices the trouble of almost all the unwilling bachelors. They have no means of getting to know girls whom they can marry.

## VARYING VIEWS ON THE "SINGLE LIFE."

### A MARRIED MAN'S WARNING.

Is single life a success? A thousand times, Yes. If a man values liberty and almost everything else, let him remain single. I have been married now five years, and I envy the days when I was a bachelor. My advice to all young men is think of everything else before marriage. DESPAIR.  
York Rise, N.W.

### SOUR GRAPES OF MATRIMONY.

The many apparently insurmountable difficulties set forth by bachelors and spinsters could be overcome by the exercising of common-sense and discretion, and the subduing of selfishness. As for the abuse which is levelled at matrimony, it is mostly a matter of "sour grapes." Rotherham.

J. H. SAYLES.

### LET BACHELORS BE MANLY.

I am a very happy spinster, out in the world, earning my own living, and find much pleasure in life with all its ups and downs. I cannot afford to sit down and pine away for a man's love.

If "Forced To Be a Bachelor" would come out of his shell of selfishness and face the world manfully, someone might take pity on him. There are womanly women still to be found. Sherborne, Dorset.

A HAPPY OLD MAID.

### THE OPEN-AIR WIFE.

Many men on getting married overlook the possibility of making a chum of their wife.

Why not make an out-of-door woman of her? I believe in sunshine in the home, but far more in home in the sunshine.

Given favourable conditions, the man who meets and marries the woman who can take part in his recreations will find marriage a success. REX.  
Radcliffe-road, Southampton.

### "LUCKY IN BEING SINGLE."

I am an old maid, over forty, and absolutely happy in being so.

Most of my friends are married; of most of them, if not all, envy me, and when I hear the unhappiness of the married lives, I think myself lucky in being single. Still, I quite believe it is a woman's vocation to be married if she marries the right man. I like men for friends, but revel in my single blessedness. Bedford.

A. B.

### BACHELOR, NOT FROM CHOICE.

I am a bachelor of thirty-one, not from choice, but from necessity. I should like to marry, but dare not, as my salary is only sufficient for one, and there seems no prospect of its increasing.

I enjoy life as it is now, but what is to become of me in later years? I should like a home of my own and a wife, but I dare not pay my attentions to any woman under the circumstances. Y. Z.  
Church-road, Leyton, N.E.

### SWEETHEARTS ALWAYS.

I have been married for thirty-two years, and have three grandchildren. My means are very limited, but I have found it a long life of happiness, for my wife and I have never ceased being sweethearts.

I would as soon leave for business without my hat as depart without the good-bye kiss (a real one, not the conventional peck). Perhaps some of your young up-to-date readers will think I am only Tottenham.

A SILLY OLD MAN.

### A SPANISH VIEW.

It is not easy to find girls who marry for the sake of love only. Generally they want to find new situations in marriage, to be able to enjoy pleasures which the single life could not provide at home. That is why they prefer men who have money.

The latter, wishing to please their wives, spend all their money on them, and often sacrifice some of their pleasures so as to be able to support the luxury of their wives, and very often the husbands are repaid by ingratitude.

These being the consequences of married life in some instances nowadays, shall we be in a hurry to marry? A man may be sufficiently happy by himself. ANTONIO FERRER ESQUERO.  
(From Valencia, Spain).

Botolph-clane, E.C.

## TOWN HALL FOR LONDON IN MID-THAMES.

Striking Suggestion by a Well-known Engineer To Provide a Municipal Building.

## PALACE ON A BRIDGE.

BY ALFRED R. BENNETT, M.I.E.E.

It is now some fourteen months since, when resident in Glasgow, that I saw by the Press that the London County Council tram subway was to be brought to Aldwych, and that considerable difference of opinion existed as to how the tramways north and south of the Thames could best be linked up.

Knowing London—my native city—thoroughly, I at once remembered the difference of level that exists between the Strand at St. Clement Dances and the river, and saw that a bridge was possible at this point, which, while carrying the road traffic on a practically level plane, would admit of a junction with the tramway tunnel by means of a gradient easy for electric cars.

The extension of the bridge by means of a new thoroughfare to St. George's Circus immediately appeared desirable, owing to the congested state of the existing tramway termini at Waterloo and Blackfriars. So much traffic originates at these

neers would see to that—and, as the prevailing west winds in London come from the south-west, they would strike the building approximately enl on.

The morning sun would shine on one side of the hall, the afternoon sun on the other—an ideal condition for the employees' health. As to noise from the traffic, very little would penetrate the massive vaulting. The pavement would be asphalt or wood, and the rumble probably less obtrusive than in an ordinary streetside office.

The accommodation would be palatial. A beautiful council chamber, commodious committee rooms, reception-rooms, dining-room, ball-room, library, museum, picture-gallery—there would be space for all. A concert hall, too, which would enable the L.C.C. to give the people music in winter as well as in summer. So far from there being lack of room, I believe there would be space to let.

### TOWER FOR SIGHT-SEERS.

Then the tower would be an infinite attraction. By an electric lift visitors would be whisked up in a few seconds to a height from which they would look down upon the dome of St. Paul's and have the whole of London and the surrounding counties spread like a map before them. The proposed clock and chimes on the Surrey gable would soon be famed amongst the youthful Londoners, and they would grow up with their county hall writ large upon their imaginations.

As the building would be over 300 yards long, there would be narrow gauge electric tramways along the chief corridors and terraces to enable employees and visitors to flit about. For business purposes no locality could be better. The Temple Station, Temple Pier (for L.C.C. steamers), Waterloo Stations and tramcars, all would be at hand.

London has not had a new municipal building worthy of note for centuries. The present opportunity seems certainly too good to be lost.

ALFRED R. BENNETT.

## THE PALACE ON THE BRIDGE.



This is how Mr. Bennett's County Council hall would look from Blackfriars Bridge.

points that through cars would be delayed and passengers often disappointed, owing to available space being already occupied. It therefore seemed better to go straight to the Obelisk, where all the lines meet, and whence access to the north side could be managed from all routes alike.

That was the original idea, and it is self-contained and practicable without any reference to a county hall. I should like to state here that since my scheme was submitted to the London County Council, Mr. Fitzmaurice, the chief engineer, has informed me that in giving evidence before a Select Committee he once suggested that a new bridge near the Temple would be preferable to widening Waterloo. I had not been aware of the fact, but am glad to find that my views are in line with those of such an eminent authority on bridge construction.

### A BRIDGE QUITE SAFE.

Having got so far, I was impressed with the depressing note struck by the London County Council in reference to a site for their new hall, and the idea occurred to me that the new bridge might be made stronger and the hall built upon it. Calculation showed that it would be quite possible to do this without exceeding the permissible load on each square foot of the foundations. This, for London blue clay, is four tons, and provided the clay is there in good condition (a fact which can be proved in advance by trial borings) the bridge and palace can be safely carried with all its traffic—foot, road, and tram—and all its busy world of 2,000 odd councillors and officials.

So the county hall was added to the design, not as a necessary feature, but as a suggestion feasible both from the engineering and financial aspects, and architecturally not discordant. If no county hall is required then my design of a bridge would be altered. The site affords every opportunity for a magnificent steel bridge, and my recommendation would then take that direction.

But the objections to a bridge-supported county hall are not numerous once the shock of novelty has been got over. Extensions to almost any degree could be provided by reserving space alongside the viaduct on the Surrey side. I see that London is fated, but quite unnecessarily. No damp could leak upwards from the river—the engi-

## WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING.

### Royal Teetotallers.

The Sultan of Turkey and the Queen of the Netherlands are the only total abstainers among European Sovereigns.—"Brooklyn Daily Eagle."

### Modern Laziness.

We live in a lazy, work-shirking age, and we want education, like everything else, to be made as smooth as a royal road and as amusing as a kindergarten.—The Headmaster of Rugby, in the "Times."

### Men in the Moon.

A Berlin professor believes there is yet life on the moon. He believes that the last of the moon dwellers live in caverns, fly by means of wings, dare not face the sunlight, and have eyes like owls and bats.—"Boston Globe."

### Louise Michel as a Woman.

The "Red Virgin," as her friends knew, was infinitely charitable and good. Her soul always remained simple, and she loved to compose fairy stories and legends for the amusement of little children. The only quality she lacked, indeed, was common sense.—"Paris Figaro."

### Wait for an Appetite.

A prolific cause of chronic indigestion is eating from habit, and simply because it is meal-time and others are eating. To eat when not hungry is to eat without relish, and food taken without relish is worse than wasted.—"Food and Cookery."

### Russian Determination.

Russia is more determined than ever to vanquish her terrible foe at all costs. Nothing will stop her—neither the question of human lives nor the question of money. She is preparing for a colossal effort, and events will dispel the cherished illusion of Japan that the war would finish with the fall of Port Arthur.—"Echo de Paris."



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# FASHIONS OF THE MOMENT—THE LEG OF MUTTON SLEEVE.

## MODES AND MILLINERY.

### CLOTH AND SILK USED TOGETHER.

This is the season of cloth and velvet. If a visiting frock is not made of velvet it is almost certain to be of cloth or of cloth and velvet combined, though every effort is also being made to make heavy silk fashionable.

A very pretty toilette has a skirt of steel-coloured peau de soie lounced with scalloped satin cloth in the same colour. With it is worn a redingote of cloth which has draped revers of silk opening over a fancy waistcoat. Velvet and mouseline de soie are used for evening toilettes, especially as bridge-party gowns. A recent interpretation of this idea was a coat of lavender velvet and a skirt of coarse net in the same shade.

### A Renovation Scheme.

This vogue makes it very possible to utilise elderly frocks by combining them with new fabrics. Vivid coats of the picturesque Louis XVI. period are added to gauze and mouseline skirts with every success. Beyond the splendour of the velvet used there need be nothing very elaborate in the scheme. Severity of outline is indeed the keynote of such evening frocks, and many models have a perfectly plain full skirt, pointed draped bodices, and close-fitting wrinkled elbow sleeves.

Striped velvets are greatly in demand for the purpose. A smart model of black and white striped velvet has a deep Louis coat and a perfectly plain white skirt. The coat opens to reveal a waistcoat of white satin embroidered with black French knots.

Short-fitted or bloused boleros decorated with heavy wide silk braid and worn with cloth skirts of the same colour, or braided velvet skirts are very fashionable. Appliqué trimmings of cut-out cloth and embroidery stitches are set upon silk, velvet, or a contrasting cloth, and wrought into a species of cloth lace, and these are fixed upon corresponding cloths or other materials. A great deal of fancy stitching is used for the embellishment of cloth costumes.

### Something About Sleeves.

The sleeve of the season assumes many forms, but all obey the general rule, which places the greatest fullness at the top of the arm. True it is that there are modest coat sleeves on many of the tailor-made frocks, which show only a scanty fullness at the armhole, and there are numerous elbow sleeves that follow the line of the arm quite closely. These models, however, though not very full at the top, are less full elsewhere, and so may not be written down as exceptions to the rule.

There are various ways of bulging out the sleeve at the top. Light padding will in some cases do the work well, crinoline or stiff silk may give the right effect, but fine boning is seen in the majority of the models. In a leg of mutton sleeve whichbone is easily adjusted, and in some of the short evening puff sleeves cords are run through and form a part of the sleeve trimming while serving also as a support. The leg of mutton model, pure and simple, is not yet extensively used, and when seen has not the exaggerated proportions of the original sleeve, but in a modified form it already accompanies some of the long velvet or cloth coats.

Sleeves with a single puff, double puffs, or triple puffs to the elbow, and a long close mitten cuff below, are everywhere observable, and a host of variations are based upon this theme.

Brown and mauve colourings used together are popular in millinery models now, while next in

popular favour would seem to be the greys, shading from light pearl to a deep-smoke shade, and greens, from a light-apple shade to a green of a deeper emerald hue. Many blue hats are seen, mostly made of velvet or beaver in the dull shade, and very frequently these hats are trimmed with either blue or pink roses of the button variety with their foliage. Tiny roses are finding favour again now. White beaver tricorn hats, trimmed with ribbon or coque pompons, are worn by tiny girls, while the older girl wears the same model in black or dark blue beaver with a red cockade.

## GELATINE MOULDS.

Always use good sugar.

When lemon-rinds are used for flavouring cut them very thin or they will give a bitter taste. If wine or brandy be used it should be slightly

Below is depicted a cor-sage of folded cloth, with a cascade of lace beneath a V-shaped vest.



The blouse illustrated above is made of shaded mauve panne, trimmed with ficelle lace and pansy-coloured velvet.

The gauged shoulder-pieces for the model shown beneath are its salient features.

## JANUARY IN JAPAN.

### A DREAM BOUGHT FOR A MIRROR.

January is an important month for man and maid in Japan. In that land it is customary for persons to calculate their age, not, as with us, from the day of their birth, but from the New Year's Day that follows it.

So the first day of the year becomes, for practical and business purposes, the birthday of every member of the nation, though boys celebrate their fête on May 5, when paper kites representing carp, the fish emblematic of indomitable courage and resolution, flutter from every house-top.

The birthday of Japanese girls is kept on March 3, and very pretty are the customs connected with this domestic festival. The tiny models of ancestors, called O Hina Sama, dressed in the costumes of the period at which they lived, are

fallen under the influence of the Buddhist religion, secluding themselves in some monastery, there to prepare for the bliss of Nirvana by meditation and works of charity.

Very different is the significance attached to January 2. On this day the dark-eyed daughters of the land seek to learn their future lot from the interpretation of their night's visions. Sorrow and the shame of being a divorced wife await the unhappy maiden who, during those fateful hours of darkness, dreams of eating a pear; while joy and prosperity are the future portion of her before whose sleep-laden eyes appears the delicate blossom of the cherry-tree.

Fortunately for those who are bad slumberers dreams may be purchased or bartered like any other commodity. A well-known story tells how, on a certain New Year's Day, the beautiful maiden Masako obtained an auspicious dream from her younger sister in exchange for a valuable mirror. Never was better bargain made, for lo! the following day brought her a letter from her brave and handsome but unfortunate lover Yorimoto.

He was at this time a political exile, but, emboldened by the happy omen, Masako plied her powerful father with tears and entreaties to such good purpose that he consented to espouse the young noble's cause. The exile was restored to his land, and the lovers at last happily united.

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"WHAT SETS THE BABY ON ITS LEGS."

**RIDGE**

AND MAKES ITS LIMBS SO STRONG?

**RIDGE**

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**RIDGE**

SOON MAKES IT **PUSH ALONG.**"

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heated and put in after the gelatine is strained, as by boiling the spirit the flavour of it is lost.

Wait till the mixture is beginning to set a little before pouring it into the mould.

Be careful to rinse the mould in cold water just before pouring in the blanc mange.

For macedoine or fruit jelly more gelatine must be used, as a firmer jelly is required to bear the weight of the fruit. The larger the mould the more gelatine is required in proportion.

Metal moulds are best for general use; use either copper ones or tin ones with copper tops.

When turning out jellies, creams, and so forth immerse the mould quickly in hot water, dry it with a cloth, and turn it out on to a cold dish.

## DON'TS ON DRESS.

Don't buy cheap boots or gloves.

Don't wear your walking dress in the house.

Don't use a cheap, poor ribbon in millinery.

Don't send anything to the laundry before it is marked.

Don't on any account put a dress away without brushing it.

Don't forget to iron the wrinkles out of sleeves occasionally.

Don't let boots and shoes wear through before they are soled.

Don't take a bodice off and put it away immediately—lay it out to air.

Don't hang a skirt up by the fastening, fix two tapes to it for this purpose.

Don't expect your hair to shine unless you brush it thoroughly well every night and morning.

brought out and arranged by the little maidens round rooms that have been given up to their use.

It is considered polite for grown-up guests to call and inspect the treasured heirlooms, and to taste the red beans and rice, and the drink called Shiro Zake, which take the place of the British birthday-cake as the dainties appropriate for this auspicious day, when the veriest little toddler will act the part of hostess with inimitable grace and self-possession.

### In Honourable Retirement.

The first of January is, too, a highly important day in business, for frequently a man who has reached his sixty-first New Year's Day decides to become the renowelled "inkyo," that is, "a dweller in retirement." He then resigns all his business cares, hands his property over to his heirs, and for the remainder of his life is supported by the bounty of his family.

The reverence for old age inculcated by ancestor worship secures him their dutiful tendence, which the youthful year at which it is usual to begin work and the strenuous life necessary in that poor and densely-populated land render early retirement natural if not inevitable. Few of the middle and lower classes in Japan retain the full vigour of their powers beyond middle age. Here, as elsewhere, early maturity involves premature decay.

Before the Revolution of 1871, which marks the rise of modern Japan, it was no uncommon thing for an ambitious Prime Minister to force the Mikado for the time being to "ascend to the honourable position" of inkyo on January 1, leaving an opening for another member of the Royal House to assume the title, though he would probably be allowed to possess little of the real power of Emperor.

Even the great nobles frequently abdicated their position on attaining middle age, retiring to a life of dignified ease, or, in the case of those who had







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Distress yourself no more about your excessive fatness. There is a sure, guaranteed, permanent cure. "Antipon" is a home remedy which will reduce you to your normal weight and graceful proportions within a few weeks without any discomfort. There is no starving required nor anything disagreeable. "Antipon" expels the fat from the system by absorbing and eliminating it without the slightest strain on the constitution. It is quite harmless; a child might use it without danger to health. There is no question about it. Hundreds have testified to its almost magical power. It is pleasant to the taste, easy to take (being a liquid), and wonderfully economical. The treatment can be followed without anyone else knowing anything about it. "Antipon" helps to strengthen the system by increasing the appetite and improving digestion. At the same time as it reduces weight, it enriches the blood, gives renewed nerve power, clears the skin, and beautifies the complexion. Excessive fatness will spoil the beauty of the most attractive women and the handsomest men. Once the tendency to corpulency asserts itself it is difficult to arrest development. No matter how you starve yourself, or go in for violent exercise, the fat still increases, and without "Antipon" will go on increasing. This marvellous remedy will speedily impalpable matters. The double chin, flabby cheeks, bulky neck, protuberant abdomen, large hips, and all other indications of excessive fatness will very soon subside into normal proportions, and once reduced to symmetry, will permanently remain so reduced. You will not get stout again. "Antipon" will take off from 8oz. to 3lb. within a day and a night of the first dose. The reduction then proceeds steadily until proper dimensions are regained, together with restored health, excellent appetite, and a feeling of exhilaration and buoyant energy which very stout people can never experience.

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The world is made richer by a marvellous discovery."

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